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# JOY BELLS



FOR THE  
**SUNDAY SCHOOL**



BY  
**WAGDEN**

**ARNOLD & WILLYOUNG,**  
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189 Woodward Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

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After a careful examination of the new work of Sabbath school music, entitled the "Crown of Life," we take pleasure in giving it our unqualified recommendation, both as respects the poetry and the music. We think the work will do important service in elevating the tone of Sabbath school hymns and tunes.—Edward Brown, Pastor Congregational Church, Wadsworth, O.

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"Song Leader" is received; accept my thanks. I think it well adapted to the wants of classes of every grade. The rudimental exercises and pleasing tunes in the first part of the work are just the thing for elementary classes, and the well written glees, anthems and choruses furnish fine study and practice for advance classes.

E. P. Noyes, Seville, Ohio.

Yours receive I have had the "Song Leader" for some da and am very much pleased with it. The terial and make-up of the book are excellenand it deserves a grand sale. It must prove veifresh and attractive to any class using it. st the book, I think, for Conventions and inging Classes, and it certainly will not disappoint any such who obtain and use it. I reain, as ever, yours,

Kinsman, O., Jul 1877. WM. A. CHRISTY.

Gents.---I hav received a copy of the "Song Leader," andxamined it carefully, from beginning to the l, and I must say I have never seen a book oits size contain so much good music, and so well classified for the advancement of a class,with its many new features. I predict an imense sale for it. Success to publisher and-ditors.

Owensville, Ind, Ju, '77. R. A. GLENN.

The popular compseer, Frank M. Davis, says: "I have carefully examined the "Song Leader," and am very much pleased with it. Think it second to non for the purpose it is designed."

Peter High Stauffe, publisher of "Our Home Friend," Quakerstown, Penn., says:

"Song Leader" is splendid. I know where I can introduce it in several places, and will do so with pleasure."

After a cursory examination of the "Song Leader," it seems to me to be the book for Choirs, Singing Classes and Conventions.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN, Clinton, Wis.



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# JOY BELLS

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A Collection of Sparkling Gems,

EMBRACING MANY CONTRIBUTIONS BY THE BEST WRITERS OF SACRED SONG.

EDITED BY

W. A. OGDEN,

*Author of New Silver Song, Crown of Life, Songs of the Bible, Anthem Choir, Song Leader, Silver Carols, &c.*

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111 SUMMIT STREET.

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## TO EXAMINING COMMITTEES.

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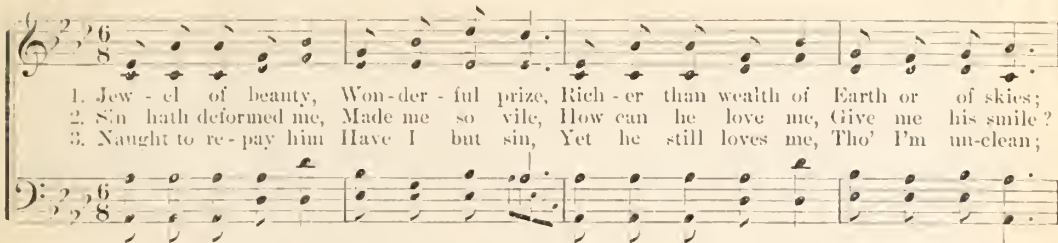
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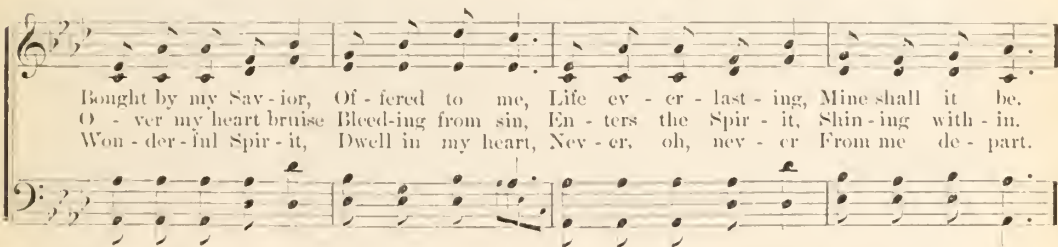
# JEWEL OF BEAUTY.

3

For the merchandise of it is better than merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold"—PROV. 3: 14.

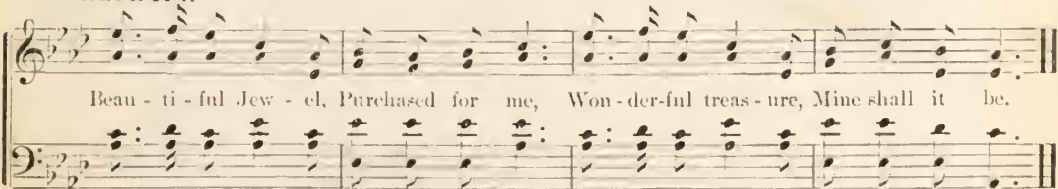


1. Jew - el of beauty, Won - der - ful prize, Rich - er than wealth of Earth or of skies;  
 2. Sin hath deformed me, Made me so vile, How can he love me, Give me his smile?  
 3. Naught to re - pay him Have I but sin, Yet he still loves me, Tho' I'm un-clean;



Bought by my Sav - ior, Of - fered to me, Life ev - er - last - ing, Mine shall it be.  
 O - ver my heart bruise Bleed - ing from sin, En - ters the Spir - it, Shin - ing with - in.  
 Won - der - ful Spir - it, Dwell in my heart, Nev - er, oh, nev - er From me de - part.

## REFRAIN.



Beau - ti - ful Jew - el, Purchased for me, Won - der - ful treas - ure, Mine shall it be.

## RING THE GLAD BELLS. (Opening.)

MRS. S. ANNA GORDON.

DUET.

W. A. OGDEN.

CHORUS.

1. Wel - come the sound of the mu - sic - al bells, Joy bells, Joy bells;  
 2. Wel - come the call of the mu - sic - al bells, Joy bells, Joy bells;  
 3. Ring the glad bells as we jour - ney a - long, Joy bells, Joy bells;

Sua.  
DUET.

CHORUS.

Ring - ing a - far through val-leys and dells, Beau - ti - ful chim - ing bells,  
 Joy and de - light their peal-ing fore - tells, Beau - ti - ful chim - ing bells.  
 Trav - el - ing homeward with mu - sic and song, Ring - ing the joy - ful bells.

Sua.  
DUET.

CHORUS.

Call - ing the chil - dren all o - ver the land, Beau - ti - ful bells, beau - ti - ful bells,  
 Thousands re - spond-ing with Christ as their guide, Ring the glad bells, beau - ti - ful bells,  
 Soon we'll em - bark for the heav - en - ly shore, Ring the glad bells, beau - ti - ful bells,

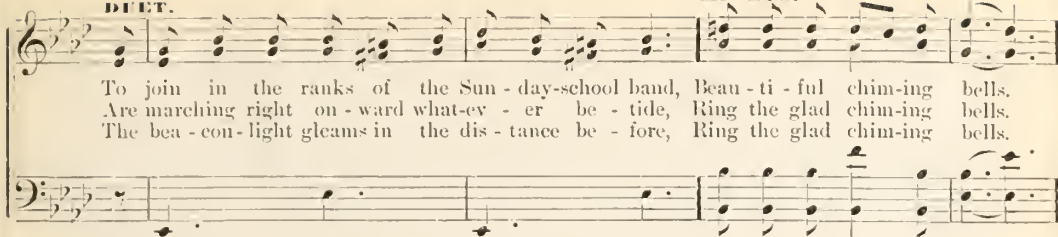


# RING THE GLAD BELLS. Concluded.

5

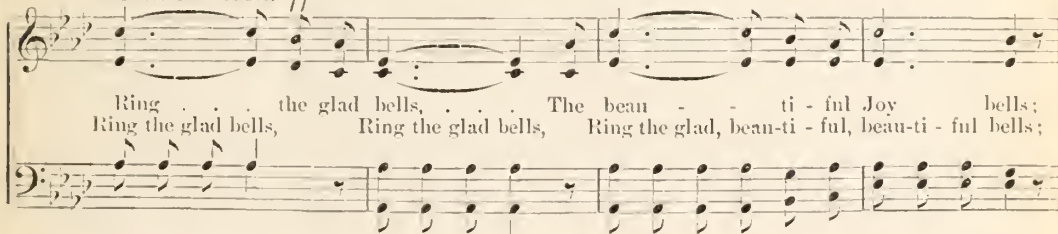
**DEET.**

**CHORUS.**



To join in the ranks of the Sun - day-school band, Beau - ti - ful chim-ing bells,  
Are marching right on - ward what-ev - er be - tide, Ring the glad chim-ing bells.  
The bea - con-light gleams in the dis - tance be - fore, Ring the glad chim-ing bells.

**FULL CHORUS.** *ff*



Ring . . . the glad bells, . . . The beau - ti - ful Joy bells;  
Ring the glad bells, Ring the glad bells, Ring the glad, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful bells;

**Repeat** *pp*



Ring . . . the glad bells, The beau - ti - ful, chim-ing bells.  
Ring the glad, beau-ti - ful bells,

## BEAUTIFUL SUNSHINE.

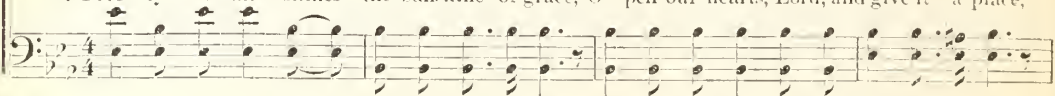
FANNIE CHADWICK.

"Praise the Lord of Israel with a loud voice on high."—2 CHRON. 20: 19.

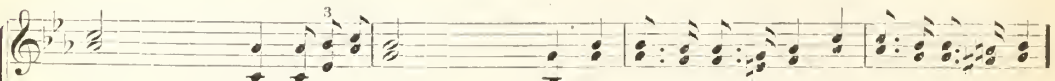
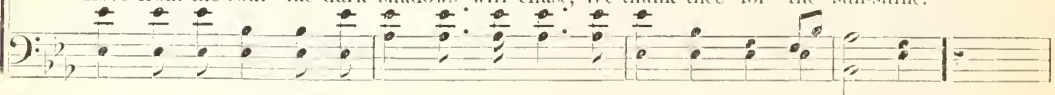
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Sunshine, bright sunshine is cheering us to-day, Hill-side and val-ley are blessed by its ray,  
 2. Well do we know the golden sunbeam's worth, Rip'ning our food, and re-joicing the earth.  
 3. Free-ly for all shines the sunshine of grace, O-pen our hearts, Lord, and give it a place,



Lift we our song to our Fa-ther and say, We thank thee for the sun-shine.  
 Loud sing the birds, and we join in their mirth, We thank thee for the sun-shine. Beanti-ful  
 Love from the soul the dark shadows will chase, We thank thee for the sun-shine.



sun - - shine, Beautiful sun - - shine. 'Tis sparkling all around, Yes all around so bright ;  
 Beautiful, beautiful sun-shine, Beautiful, beautiful sunshine, Sparkling, etc.



# BEAUTIFUL SUNSHINE. Concluded.

For last stanza. Repeat *pp*

Beautiful sun - - shine, Beautiful sun - - shine, 'Tis flooding all the world with light,  
Beautiful, beautiful sun - shine, Beautiful, beautiful sunshine, Flooding, etc. with light.

## THE LOVE OF JESUS.

"Who loved me, and gave himself for me."—GAL. 2: 20.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev - er to fade nor fall, Till in - to the fold of the  
2. There is no heart like the heart of Je - sus, Filled with a tender love; No throb nor throe that our  
3. Oh, let us hark to the voice of Je - sus, Oh, may we never roam, Till safe at last on his

Fine. CHORUS.

D. S. Oh, turn to that love, weary

D. S.

peace of God, He has gath-ered us all.  
hearts can know, But he feels it a - bove. Je-sus' love, precious love, Boundless and pure and free;  
lov - ing breast, In the dear, heavenly home.

wand'ring soul, Je-sus plead - eth for thee.

## IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"At thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."—Ps. 11: 11.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Nei-ther sil-ver nor gold, I would make sure of heav-en,  
 2. Lord, my sins they are man-y, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my Sav-ior,  
 3. Oh, that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its man-sions of light, With its glo-ri-fied be-ings

I would en-ter the fold; In the book of thy king-dom, With its pa-ges so fair,  
 Is suf-fi-cient for me; For thy prom-ise is writ-ten In bright let-ters that glow,  
 In pure gar-ments of white; Where no e-vil thing com-eth To de-spoil what is fair,

**Ad Lib.** **CHORUS.**  
 Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name writ-ten there?  
 Tho' your sins be as sear-let, I will make them like snow. Is my name writ-ten there?  
 Where the an-gels are watch-ing, Is my name writ-ten there?



# IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE? Concluded.

9

Is my name writ-ten there? In the book of thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in G major and 3/4 time, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and some moving lines.

## ASK, SEEK, KNOCK.

"Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—MATT. 7: 7.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. Ask, and it shall be giv - en thee; Seek, and ye shall find;  
 2. Ask, and his bless - ing now re - ceive; Seek his love to know;  
 3. Ask for his love at morn - ing light; Seek his truth at noon - tide;

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a melody on the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment on the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the upper staff, aligned with the notes.

Knock, and it shall be o - pened un - to you; Ask, seek, knock.  
 Knock, and the door he'll o - pen un - to you; Ask, seek, knock.  
 And when the even - ing hour is draw - ing near; Ask, seek, knock.

The musical score continues on two staves. The upper staff has a melody, and the lower staff has a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

## TELL THE GOOD NEWS.

"Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—LUKE 2: 10.

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Tell the good news, the wondrous sto - ry, Beth-le-hem's babe is born to - day;  
 2. Tell the good news, the glad some sto - ry, Je - sus for sin - ners came to die;  
 3. Tell the good news to ev - 'ry na - tion, Sing it with joy the world a - round;

An - gels pro-claimed the news from glo - ry, "Peace and good will to men," they say.  
 Con-quer-ing death he rose to glo - ry, Dwell-eth a Prince of Peace on high.  
 Je - sus hath purchased full sal - va - tion, Par-don and peace in him are found.

**REFRAIN.**

Tell the good news, oh, shout the glad tid - ings, Yes, and be sure the world shall hear;  
 Tell the good news, oh, shout the glad tidings, Yes, and be sure the world shall hear;

# TELL THE GOOD NEWS. Concluded.

11

*Cres.*

From the dark pris - on He hath a - ris - en; Tell the good news both far and near.

This musical score is for a two-part setting of the hymn 'Tell the Good News'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## THE VOICE OF MERCY.

"And yet there is room."—LUKE 11: 22

WHLNEY.

1st time. 2d time.

1. (Hear, oh, sin - ner! mer - cy calls you, Now with sweetest voice she calls;  
(Bids you haste to seek the Sav - ior Ere the (omit) . . . hand of just - ice

2. (Haste, oh, sin - ner, to the Sav - ior, Seek his mer - cy while you may;  
(Soon the day of grace is o - ver, Soon your (omit) . . . life shall pass a -

falls; Trust in Je - sus, Trust in Je - sus, 'Tis the voice of mer - cy calls.  
way; Haste to Je - sus, Haste to Je - sus, You must per - ish if you stay.

This musical score is for a two-part setting of the hymn 'The Voice of Mercy'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The piece is divided into two parts: '1st time' and '2d time'. The lyrics for the first part are: '1. (Hear, oh, sin - ner! mer - cy calls you, Now with sweetest voice she calls; (Bids you haste to seek the Sav - ior Ere the (omit) . . . hand of just - ice' and '2. (Haste, oh, sin - ner, to the Sav - ior, Seek his mer - cy while you may; (Soon the day of grace is o - ver, Soon your (omit) . . . life shall pass a -'. The lyrics for the second part are: 'falls; Trust in Je - sus, Trust in Je - sus, 'Tis the voice of mer - cy calls.' and 'way; Haste to Je - sus, Haste to Je - sus, You must per - ish if you stay.'

## OH, KINGDOM OF GOD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

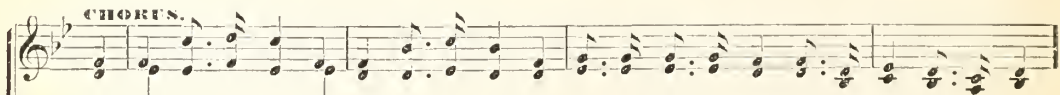
"My kingdom is not of this world."

H. S. PERKINS, by per.  
*Roma, Italy, Jan. 23, 1876.*

1. Oh, king-dom of God, how beau-ti-ful and bright The home of peace a-mong the blest;  
 2. Bright an-gels of glo-ry sing in joy-ful lays A-round the throne of God on high;  
 3. Dear chil-dren redeemed are sing-ing to the praise Of him who keeps us by his love;



What vis-ion can see the glo-ry of thy realm, Or tell the pleas-ures of the blest.  
 Where storms nev-er come, and sor-rows nev-er pain, Nor tears shall ev-er dim thine eye.  
 Their voi-ces at-tuned to heav-en's sweet-est lays, Are ring-ing in the courts a-bove.



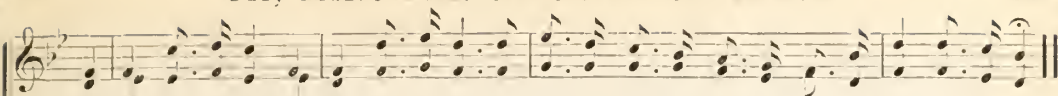
Oh, kingdom of God, Bright kingdom of God, Oh, who can tell thy glories, Bright kingdom of God;



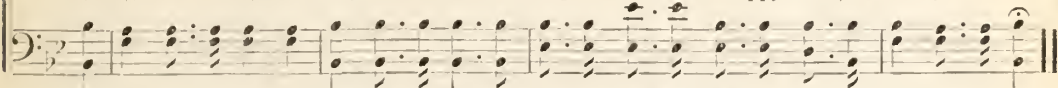


# OH, KINGDOM OF GOD. Concluded.

13



Oh, kingdom of God, Dear kingdom of God, Thou bright and blest and happy home, Dear kingdom of God.

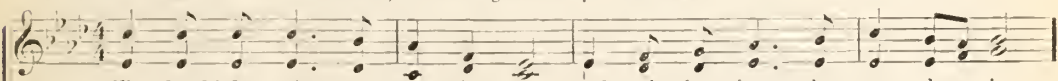


## WHY SHOULD I WAIT?

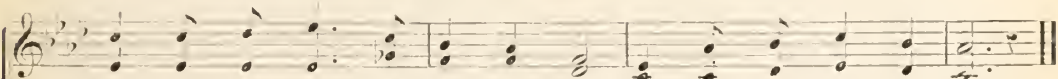
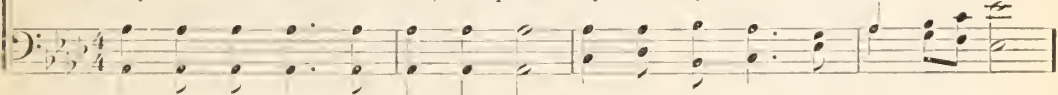
REV. JOHN FLEMING.

"Come, for all things are ready."—LUKE 14: 17.

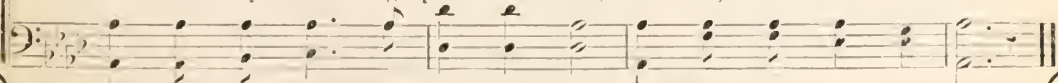
C. R. HODGE.



1. Why should I wait? I look with - in, And noth - ing there I see but sin,  
2. Why should I wait? while now to - day, I hear thy voice in pit - y say,  
3. Why should I wait? I must not wait, To - mor - row's sun may be too late,  
4. Why should I wait? O Lord, I plead Thy mer - cy in this time of need,



And thou a - lone canst make me clean, Sav - ior, I come to thee.  
Come, soul, I'll wash thy sins a - way, Sav - ior, I come to thee.  
And death may seal my hap - less fate, Sav - ior, I come to thee.  
And as my hid - ing - place in - deed, Sav - ior, I come to thee.



## MY FATHER LEADETH ME.

LILLIAN GRAFTON PENCE.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. 23: 2.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. My Fa-ther leads me, and con-tent, I trust in him to choose my way; I know that walking  
 2. My Fa-ther leads, and oft - en-times Thro' thorny paths, my tir - ed feet; But by his side I  
 3. And when I reach the riv - er wide, Whose stormy wa - ters dark-ly flow, He'll hold my hand and

by his side My feet can nev - er go a-stray; And doubt and ter - rors from me flee, I  
 need not fear, Tho' blinding storms around me beat; For as my day my strength shall be, I  
 guide me safe In - to the hav - en I would go; And there my song shall ev - er be, All

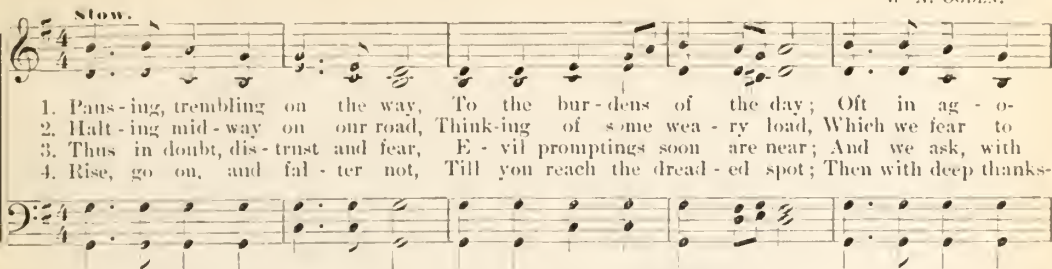
know my Fa-ther leadeth me.  
 know my Fa-ther leadeth me. He lead-eth me, he lead-eth me, I know my Fa-ther lead-eth me,  
 praise to him who leadeth me.

# “WHO SHALL ROLL THE STONE AWAY?”

15

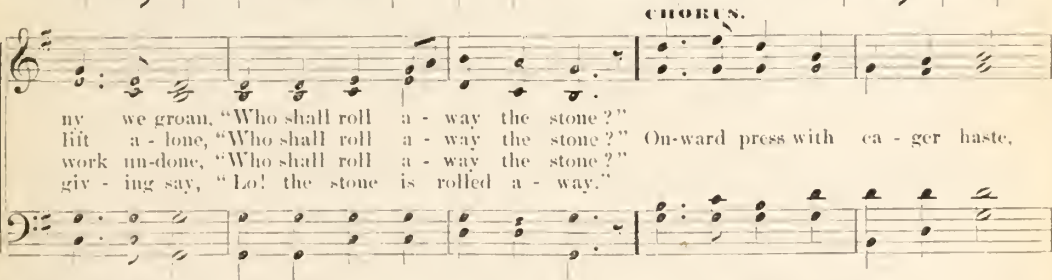
“Let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.”—Matt. 5:16.  
W. A. OGDEN.

**Stow.**

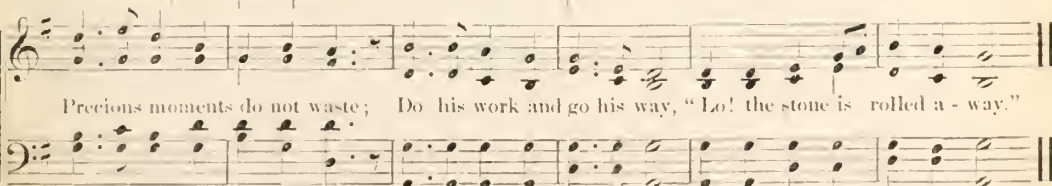


1. Paus-ing, trem-bling on the way, To the bur-dens of the day; Oft in ag-o-ry  
2. Halt-ing mid-way on our road, Think-ing of some wea-ry load, Which we fear to  
3. Thus in doubt, dis-trust and fear, E-vil promptings soon are near; And we ask, with  
4. Rise, go on, and fal-ter not, Till you reach the dread-ed spot; Then with deep thanks-

**CHORUS.**



ny we groan, “Who shall roll a-way the stone?”  
lit a-lone, “Who shall roll a-way the stone?” On-ward press with ea-ger haste,  
work un-done, “Who shall roll a-way the stone?”  
giv-ing say, “Lo! the stone is rolled a-way.”



Precious moments do not waste; Do his work and go his way, “Lo! the stone is rolled a-way.”

## CHEERS ME EVERY DAY.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

"The love of Christ which passeth understanding."—EPI. 3 : 19.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. The pre - eions prom - ise by Je - sus given Cheers me ev - 'ry day ;  
 2. The thought that Je - sus is ev - er near Cheers me ev - 'ry day ;  
 3. The grace I find in his words of life Cheers me ev - 'ry day ;

That rest is wait - ing for me in heaven, Cheers me ev - 'ry day ;  
 Sus - tains me when all is dark and drear, Cheers me ev - 'ry day ;  
 The peace he brings to this world of strife Cheers me ev - 'ry day ;

On the sea and on the shore, Storms may beat and winds may roar ;  
 All his ten - der love for me Comes thro' mer - cy, full and free ;  
 I will love him more and more, Till this fleet - ing life is o'er ;



# CHEERS ME EVERY DAY. Concluded.

17

**F.**

That my Sav - ior leads the way, Cheers me ev - 'ry day;  
 He my com - fort, he my stay, Cheers me ev - 'ry day;  
 Trav - 'ling home in the heaven - ly way, Cheers me ev - 'ry day;

Ev - 'ry day, yes, ev - 'ry day, Cheers me ev - 'ry day.

Ev - 'ry day, yes, ev - 'ry day, Cheers me ev - 'ry day,

**D. S.**

Ev - 'ry day, yes, ev - 'ry day, Cheers me ev - 'ry day,

## I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES.

J. H. LESLIE.

**Chant.**

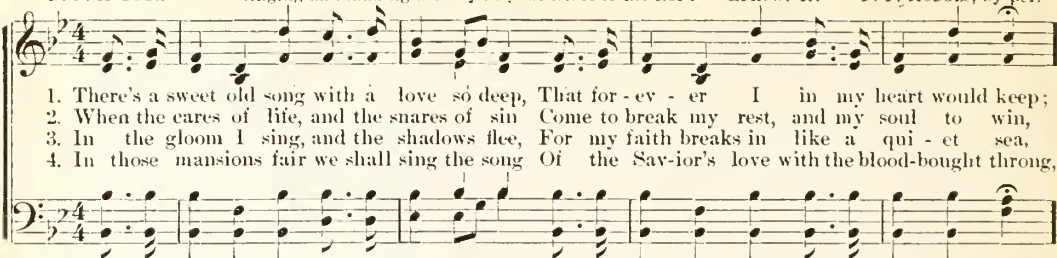
1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help  
 2. He will not suffer thy feet to be moved; he that keepeth thee will not slumber;  
 My help cometh from the Lord which Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall  
 made both heaven and earth. neither and slumber nor sleep.

## THE SWEET OLD SONG.

D. F. HODGES.

"Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord"—Eph. 5: 19.

D. F. HODGES, by per.

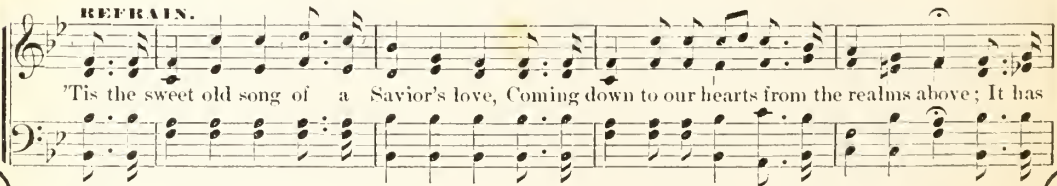


1. There's a sweet old song with a love so deep, That for - ev - er I in my heart would keep;  
 2. When the cares of life, and the snares of sin Come to break my rest, and my soul to win,  
 3. In the gloom I sing, and the shadows flee, For my faith breaks in like a qui - et sea,  
 4. In those mansions fair we shall sing the song Of the Sav-ior's love with the blood-bought throng,



It has bathed my soul in a heav'nly light, Turned my griefs to joy, and my hopes made bright,  
 How they haste a-way if I faithful prove, To the sweet words found in this song of love.  
 Bid-ding me to trust till the conflict's done, And my Lord says "Come to thy Fa - ther's home."  
 And the end-less years will be brief to tell, All the "height and depth" of a Sav - ior's love.

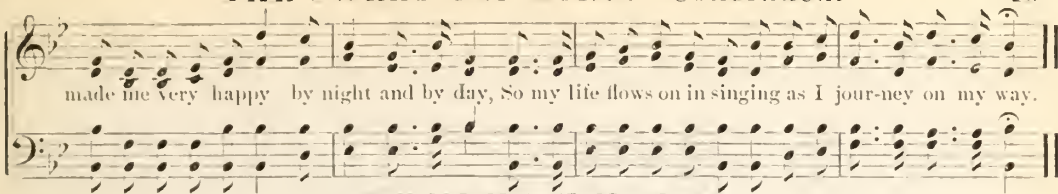
## REFRAIN.



'Tis the sweet old song of a Savior's love, Coming down to our hearts from the realms above; It has

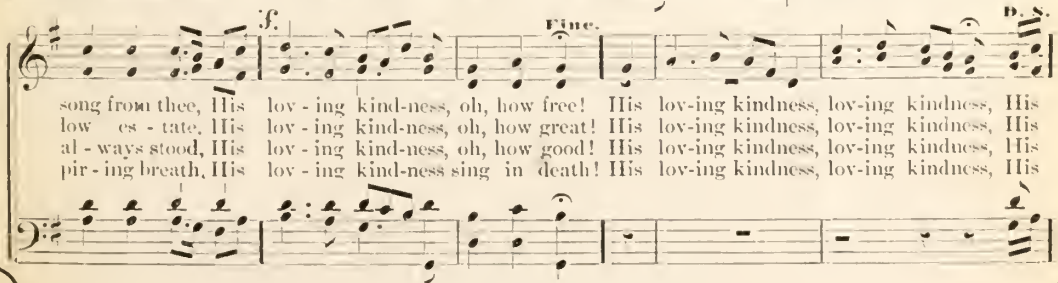
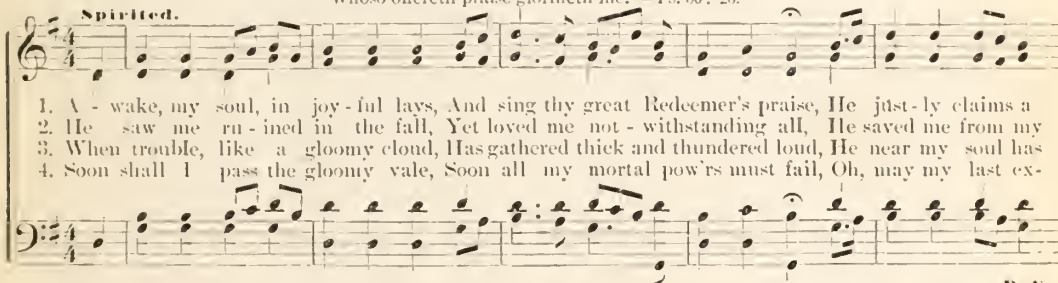
# THE SWEET OLD SONG. Concluded.

19



## HIS LOVING KINDNESS.

"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me,"—Ps. 50 : 23.

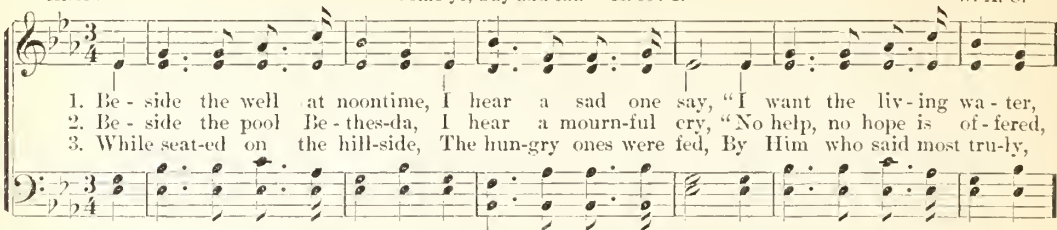


## BESIDE THE WELL.

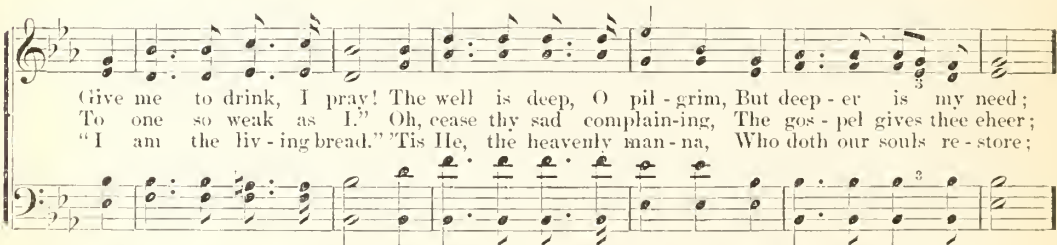
ANON.

"Come ye, buy and eat."—Is. 55: 1.

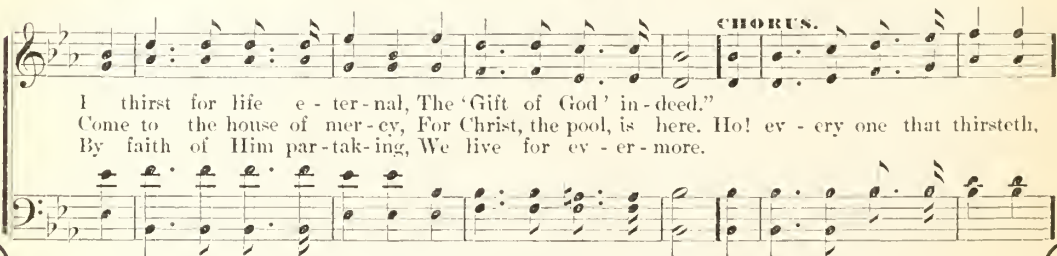
W. A. O.



1. Be - side the well at noontime, I hear a sad one say, "I want the liv - ing wa - ter,  
 2. Be - side the pool Be - thes - da, I hear a mourn - ful cry, "No help, no hope is of - fered,  
 3. While seat - ed on the hill - side, The hun - gry ones were fed, By Him who said most tru - ly,



Give me to drink, I pray! The well is deep, O pil - grim, But deep - er is my need;  
 To one so weak as I." Oh, cease thy sad complain - ing, The gos - pel gives thee cheer;  
 "I am the liv - ing bread." 'Tis He, the heavenly man - na, Who doth our souls re - store;



**CHORUS.**  
 I thirst for life e - ter - nal, The 'Gift of God' in - deed."  
 Come to the house of mer - cy, For Christ, the pool, is here. Ho! ev - ery one that thirsteth,  
 By faith of Him par - tak - ing, We live for ev - er - more.

# BESIDE THE WELL. Concluded.

21

The liv - ing wa - ter buy; Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat, and nev - er die.

## CORONATION.

REV. E. PERRONET.

"Exalted above all blessing and praise."—NEPH. 9: 5.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name. Let an - gels prostrate fall, Bring forth a roy - al di - a - dem,  
 2. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe On this ter - res - trial ball, To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,  
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sacred throng We at his feet may fall, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth a roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.  
 And crown him Lord of all; To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all.  
 And crown him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.



## THE GOLDEN GLORY.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

"And they sung as it were a new song."—REV. 14: 3.

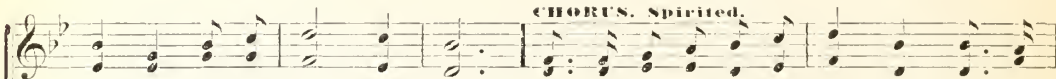
C. C. CONVERSE, by per.



1. There will be a scene of splen-dor By the throne a - bove, When our Sav - ior brings the  
 2. There will peal a might-y cho - rus Thro' the heav'n - ly dome, When the saints of God in-  
 3. All a - long the sounding arch - es Will the eeh - oes swell, Till the heav'ns shall chant the



## CHORUS. Spirited.



ran-somed To his home of love.  
 her - it Their ce - les - tial home. Oh, the ring-ing hal - le - lu - jahs! When the  
 prais - es Of Im - man - u - el.



saved come thronging in; Oh, the scenes of gold-en glo - ry! Let me have a part therein.



# FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT.

23

REV. J. FLEMING.

"Put on the whole armor of God."—Eph. 6: 11.

W. T. GIFFE.



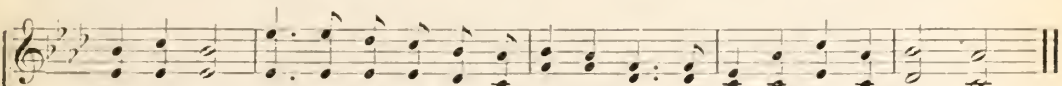
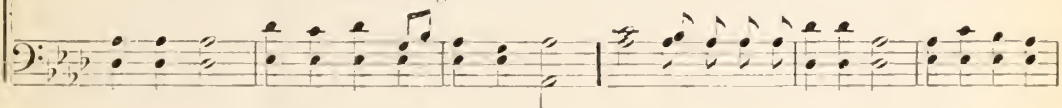
1. Fully armed with sword in hand, On life's bat-tle-field I stand; Called a sol-dier
2. Marching slow-ly day by day, Oft-en halt-ing on the way; Yet from heav'n de-
3. For my Captain's by my side, And with ev-ry arm sup-plied; I'll not lay my



## CHORUS.



to the strife, To ob-tain a crown of life.  
riv-ing strength, I shall gain the prize at length. O, happy, happy, they who win! Conq'ring ev'ry  
ar-mor down Till I reach the gold-en crown.



foe and sin, Till the mansions bright they enter in, To live and reign with Je-sus.



## ONLY BELIEVE IN JESUS.

KATE SUMNER BURE. "All things work together for good to them that love God."—Rom. 8: 28. DR. M. J. MUNGER.



1. On - ly be - lieve in Je - sus, The sin - ner's faith - ful Friend; Be - lieve, and his lov - ing  
 2. On - ly be - lieve in Je - sus, No oth - er name is given, Thro' which we may find sal -  
 3. On - ly be - lieve in Je - sus, The Life, the Truth, the Way; Con - fess, and for - sake thy



## CHORUS.



pres - ence Shall all thy ways at - tend.  
 va - tion, Thro' which to en - ter heaven. On - ly be - lieve, On - ly be - lieve,  
 wan-d'rings, No more in sin to stray.



Hear his voice of love; They who be - lieve in Je - sus Shall reign with him a - bove.



# JORDAN'S STRAND.

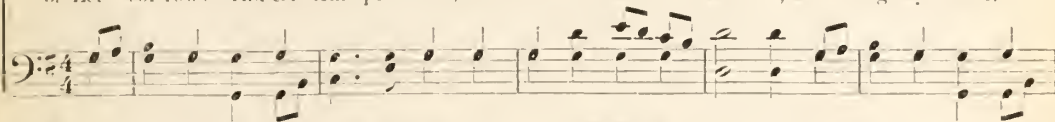
25

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—HEB. 13: 5.

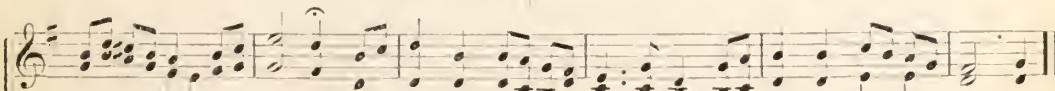
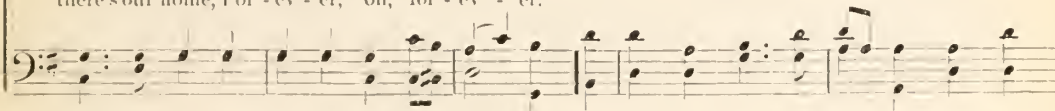
J. H. LESLIE.



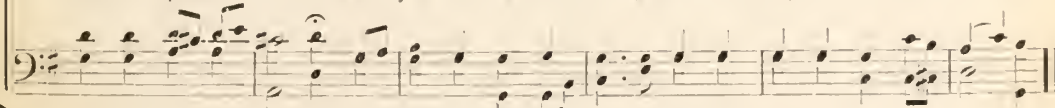
1. My days are glid-ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger, Would not de-tain them
2. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing; That per-lect rest naught
3. Let sor-row's rind-est tem-pest blow, Each cord on earth to sev-er; Our King says come, and



as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan-ger.  
can mo-lest, Where golden harps are ring-ing. For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our  
there's our home, For-ev-er, oh, for-ev-er.



friends are pass-ing o-ver, And just be-fore the shining shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.



## HE LEADETH US EVER.

MRS. S. ANNA GORDON.

"He leadeth us beside the still waters."—Psalm 23 : 2.

W. A. O.

1. If through the lone des - ert Life's path - way doth lead, Or the wil - der - ness  
 2. If out on the o - cean, Where dark the storms lower, The wreck - ing waves  
 3. His voice stills the tem - pest, His hand holds the storm; He know - eth the  
 4. His wis - dom un - err - ing, His prov - i - dence kind, His love a sure

## REFRAIN.

waste, God's hand let us heed.  
 dash, He will lead us to shore. He lead - eth us ev - er, He  
 har - bor, The night's bright - est morn.  
 so - lace He gives to man - kind.

Rit. A tempo.

lead - eth us ev - er, He lead - eth us ev - er, God's hand let us heed.



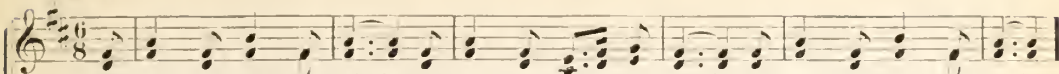
# WHAT HAST THOU DONE?

27

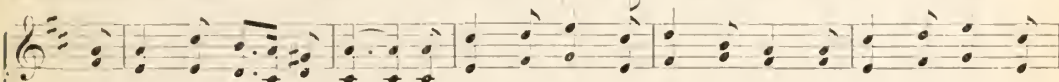
"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."—HEB. 9:28.

MISS FRANCES R. HAVEGAL.

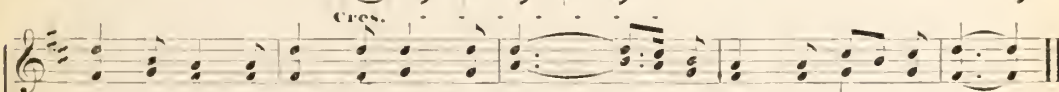
W. A. OGDEN.



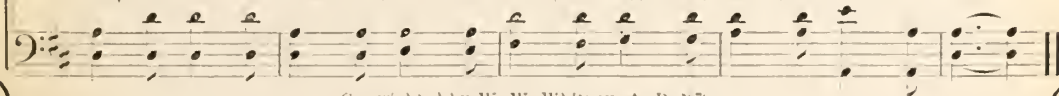
1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed, That thou might ransom'd be,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo-ry cir-cled throne, I left for earth-ly night,
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bit-t'rest ag-o-ny.



And quicken'd from the dead; I gave my life, my life for thee, What hast thou done, my  
For wand'rings sad and lone; I left it all, yes, all for thee, What hast thou left, my  
To res-cue thee from hell; I've borne it all, yes, all for thee, What hast thou borne, my



child, for me? What hast thou done for me? (for me) What hast thou done for me?  
child, for me? What hast thou left for me? (for me) What hast thou left for me?  
child, for me? What hast thou borne for me? (for me) What hast thou borne for me?



## BEAUTIFUL HOME.

FRANK HOWARD.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN 14:2.

FRANK HOWARD.



1. There's a beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home for you, Beau-ti - ful home, Beau-ti - ful home,  
 2. There's a beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home for me, Beau-ti - ful home, Beau-ti - ful home,  
 3. There's a beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home for all, Beau-ti - ful home, Beau-ti - ful home,



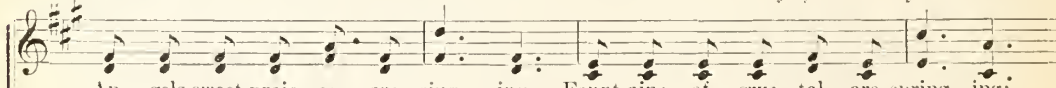
D. C. 1 beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home for you, Beau-ti - ful home, Beau-ti - ful home; **Fine.**



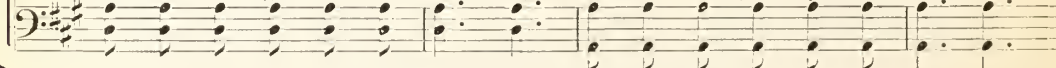
And the Sav-ior a-waits with a wel-come true In that beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home.  
 And the Sav-ior a-waits by the crys-tal sea In that beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home.  
 And the Sav-ior in-vites us with gen-tle call To that beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home.



And Je - sus a - waits us with wel-come true In that beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home.



An - gels sweet prais-es are sing-ing, Fount-ains of crys-tal are spring-ing;  
 Je - sus is wait-ing to meet me. Wait-ing to lov-ing-ly greet me;  
 Heav-en with light will sur-round us. Je - sus with glo-ry will crown us;



# BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.

29

There comes no gloomy night, There God's eter-nal light Shines in our beau-ti-ful home.  
 Ref-uge from pain and strife, Je-sus the fount of life Dwells in that beau-ti-ful home.  
 He is so true and kind, Sure-ly will ey-er find Peace in our beau-ti-ful home.

# IN BETHLEHEM'S MANGER.

FRANK HOWARD.

"We have seen his star in the east."—MATT. 2: 2.

FRANK HOWARD.

1. In haste to the man-ger so low (so low) To seek for the babe they did go; (did go)  
 2. Be-fore the most ho-ly of all (of all) The shepherds did tremblingly fall; (did fall)  
 3. The stars in the clear evening sky (clear sky) Shone forth as in thank-ful re-ply; (re-ply)

They fell down be-fore him While an-gels sang o'er him, The praise of the world to be-stow.  
 Their voice-as-ceed-ing, With an-gels' songs blending, The name of the Sav-ior did call.  
 The world did re-joice With sweet ac-cord-ant voice, And gave praise to the Fa-ther on high.

## MY FATHER'S HOUSE ON HIGH.

W. A. O.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

J. A. ERWIN.

1. Man - y man - sions are In my home so fair, In my Fa - ther's house be - yond the sky;  
 2. We shall see his face, Who are saved by grace, In my Fa - ther's house be - yond the sky;  
 3. Oh, my com - rade true, There's a place for you, In my Fa - ther's house be - yond the sky;

And my Sav - ior's gone To pre - pare a home In my Fa - ther's house on high.  
 And shall swell the strain The re - deemed be - gan, In my Fa - ther's house on high.  
 Will you meet me there, In that home so fair, In my Fa - ther's house on high.

D. S. We shall meet a - bore, In that home of love, In my Fa - ther's house on high.

## CHORUS.

Blessed home, . . . beyond the sky, In my Fa - - ther's house on high, his house on high.  
 Blessed home beyond the sky, In my Father's

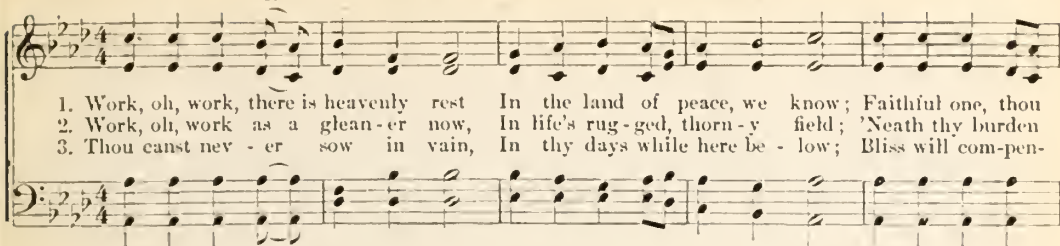
# “THE GLAD FOREVER.”

31

REV. N. B. C. LOVE.

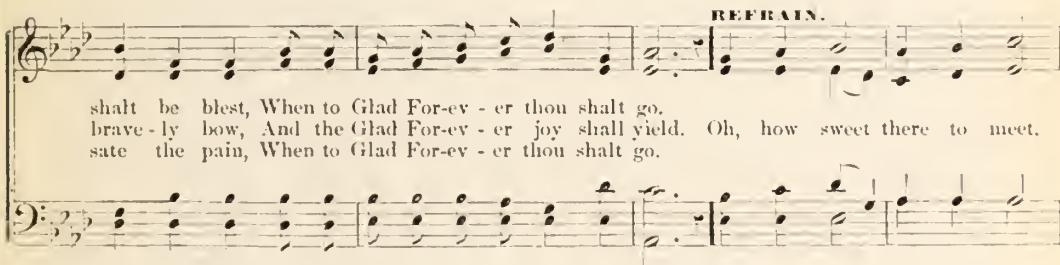
Suggested upon reading the last “Journal Entry” of a deceased daughter.

W. A. OGDEN.

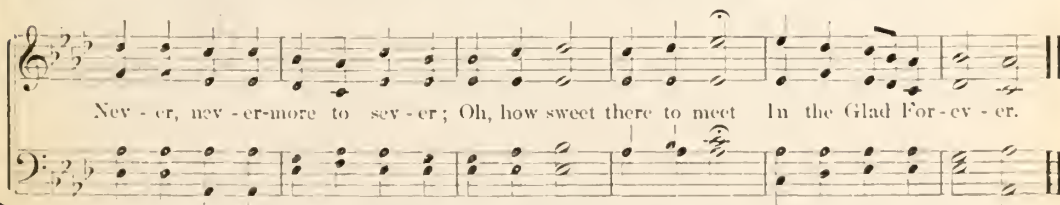


1. Work, oh, work, there is heavenly rest In the land of peace, we know; Faithful one, thou  
 2. Work, oh, work as a glean-er now, In life's rug-ged, thorn-y field; 'Neath thy burden  
 3. Thou canst nev - er sow in vain, In thy days while here be - low; Bliss will com-pen-

**REFRAIN.**



shalt be blest, When to Glad For-ev - er thou shalt go.  
 brave-ly bow, And the Glad For-ev - er joy shall yield. Oh, how sweet there to meet,  
 sate the pain, When to Glad For-ev - er thou shalt go.



Nev - er, nev - er-more to sev - er; Oh, how sweet there to meet In the Glad For-ev - er.



# THAT WORLD IS ALWAYS FAIR.

E. R. LATTA.

"At thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."—Ps. 16: 11.

CHARLES H. GABRIEL.

1. That world is al - ways bright and fair, There the blossoms nev - er fade, And ne'er a bur - den  
 2. That world is al - ways bright and fair, Light-ed by the Father's smile, No e - vil thing shall  
 3. That world is al - ways bright and fair, Nev - er fall-eth death's dread frost, But saints the Sav - ior's  
 4. That world is al - ways bright and fair, And thro' Je - sus' mer - its won; Re-deem - er, take us

**CHORUS.**

they shall bear, Who the shin - ing port have made,  
 en - ter there, Naught our hearts to sin be - guile. No grief can mar that land of bliss, The  
 glo - ry share, Who the roll - ing stream have crossed.  
 safe - ly there, When our jour - ney here is done.

skies no frown shall wear, What - ev - er storms may rise in this, That world is al - ways fair.

# SAVED BY GRACE.

33

W. A. OGDEN.

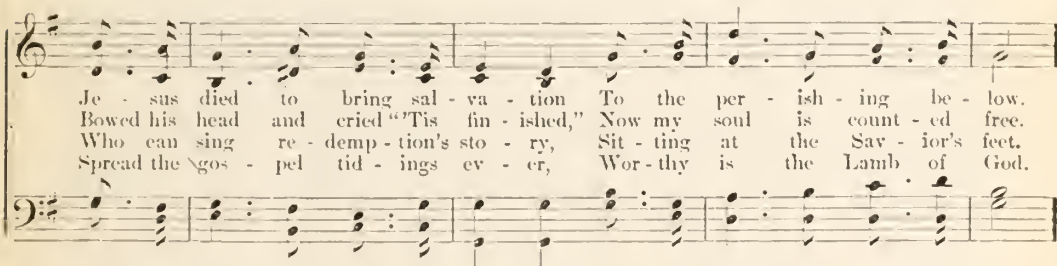
"By grace we are saved."—EPIH. 2: 8.

W. A. OGDEN.

*Andante.*

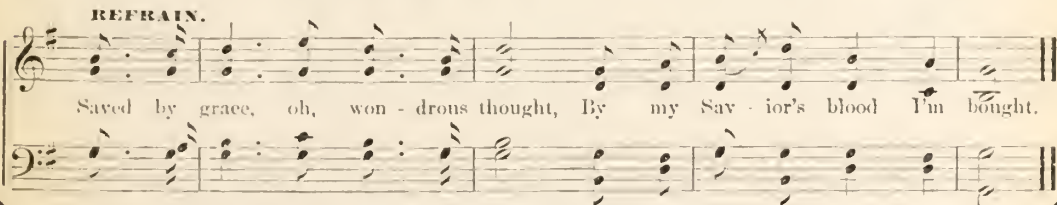


1. Saved by grace, oh, bless - ed tid - ings, Won - der - ful his love to show,  
 2. Saved by grace, oh, bless - ed tid - ings, Je - sus drank the cup for me,  
 3. Saved by grace, oh, bless - ed tid - ings, Hap - py he who can re - peat,  
 4. Saved by grace! I'll sing for - ev - er, Tell the wond - rous news a - broad,



Je - sus died to bring sal - va - tion To the per - ish - ing be - low.  
 Bowed his head and cried "Tis fin - ished," Now my soul is count - ed free.  
 Who can sing re - demp - tion's sto - ry, Sit - ting at the Sav - ior's feet.  
 Spread the gos - pel tid - ings ev - er, Wor - thy is the Lamb of God.

**REFRAIN.**



Saved by grace, oh, won - drous thought, By my Sav - ior's blood I'm bought.

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## SING OF THE SAVIOR'S LOVE.

W. K.

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us."—1 JOHN 3: 1.

F. M. DAVIS.

1. Oh, come, hap - py chil - dren, u - nite in our song, Sing of the Sav - ior's love;  
 2. We'll praise him for com - ing our souls to re - deem, Sing of his wou - drous love;  
 3. Oh, come, and u - nite in the song that we sing, Sing of his won - drous love;

With hearts full of glad - ness his prais - es pro - long, He is the Friend we love.  
 Till earth's hap - py mill - ions shall join in the theme, Prais - ing the Friend we love.  
 Join all your glad voi - ces in praise to our King. Prais - es to him we love.

## CHORUS.

Then join in ho - san - nas to Je - sus our King, Loud let the cho - rus ex -

# SING OF THE SAVIOR'S LOVE. Concluded.

35

alt - ing - ly ring; Sing of his love, Sing of his love, Sing of the Sav - ior's love.

## CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

"Peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. 1: 20.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-manuel's veins, And sin-ners plunged be-  
 2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day, And there may I, though  
 3. Thon dy - ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its power, Till all the ran-somed

**Fine.**

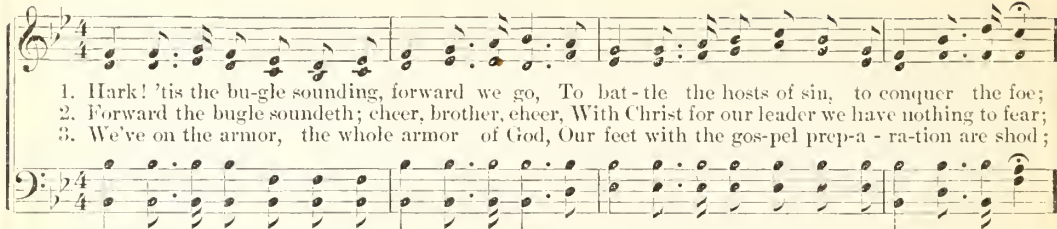
neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,  
 vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way,  
 Church of God Are saved to sin no more. Are saved to sin no more, Are saved to sin no more,

## MIGHTY TO SAVE.

W. A. O.

"Mighty to save."—ISAIAH 63 : 1.

W. A. O.



1. Hark! 'tis the bu-gle sounding, forward we go, To bat-tle the hosts of sin, to conquer the foe;
2. Forward the bugle soundeth; cheer, brother, cheer, With Christ for our leader we have nothing to fear;
3. We've on the armor, the whole armor of God, Our feet with the gos-pel prep-a - ra-tion are shod;



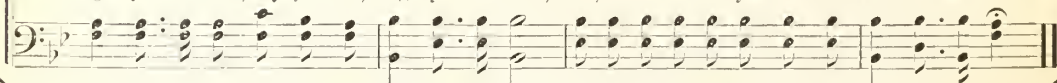
We march 'neath a royal banner—ever 'twill wave, And float the name of Jesus who is mighty to save;  
Where danger is thickest, there our banner shall wave, And float the name of Jesus who is mighty to save;  
With the sword of the Spirit and the strong shield of faith, We march to certain vict'ry over Satan and death;



D. S. With Christ for our leader we the bat-tle will win, And gain a mighty vict'ry o-ver Sa-tan and sin.



Might-y to save, my brother, mighty to save; Yes, and all his loyal ones are val-iant and brave.





# NO, NOT DESPAIRINGLY.

37

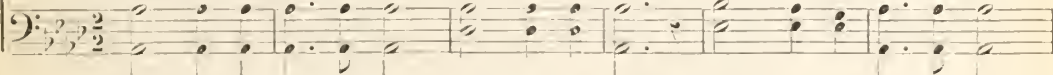
"Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

P. P. BLISS.

*Andante.*



1. No, not de-spair-ing-ly Come I to thee; No, not dis-trust-ing-ly  
2. Lord, I cou-less to thee Sad-ly my sin; Now, tell I all to thee,  
3. Faith-ful and just art thou, For-giv-ing all; Lov-ing and kind art thou,



Bend I the knee; Sin hath gone o-ver me, Yet this is  
All I have been; Purge thou my sin a-way, Wash thou my  
When sor-rows call; Lord, let the cleans-ing blood, Let the dear



still my plea, Je-sus hath died for me, Je-sus hath died.  
soul this day, Take thou my sin a-way; Lord, make me clean.  
heal-ing flood, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.

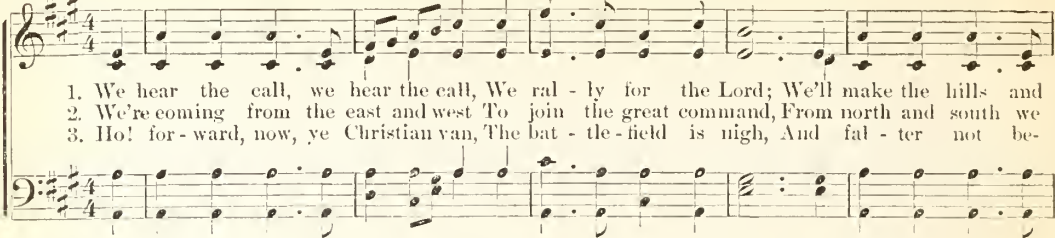


## WE HEAR THE CALL.

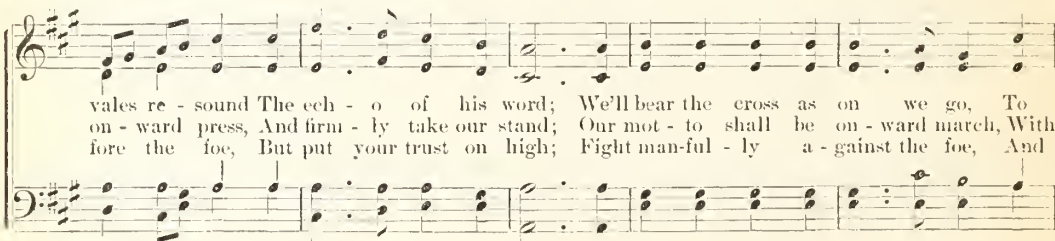
A. B. WOOLVERTON.

"Take unto you the whole armor of God."—EPIH. 6: 13.

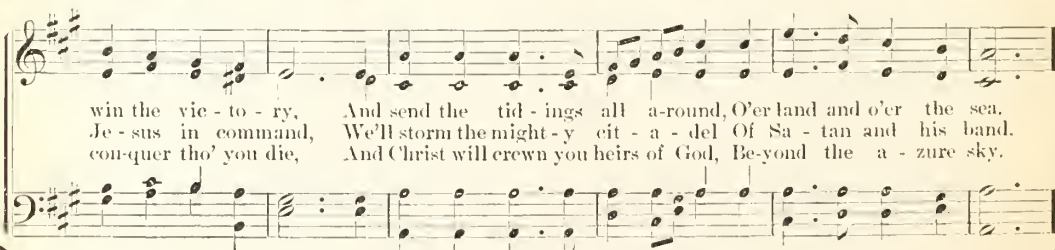
A. B. WOOLVERTON.



1. We hear the call, we hear the call, We ral - ly for the Lord; We'll make the hills and  
 2. We're coming from the east and west To join the great command, From north and south we  
 3. Ho! for - ward, now, ye Christian van, The bat - tle - field is nigh, And fal - ter not be -



vaes re - sound The ech - o of his word; We'll bear the cross as on we go, To  
 on - ward press, And firm - ly take our stand; Our mot - to shall be on - ward march, With  
 fore the foe, But put your trust on high; Fight man - ful - ly a - gainst the foe, And



win the vic - to - ry, And send the tid - ings all a - round, O'er land and o'er the sea,  
 Je - sus in command, We'll storm the might - y cit - a - del Of Sa - tan and his band.  
 con - quer tho' you die, And Christ will crown you heirs of God, Be - yond the a - zure sky.

# WE HEAR THE CALL. Concluded.

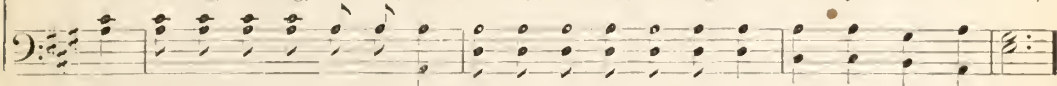
39

## CHORUS.

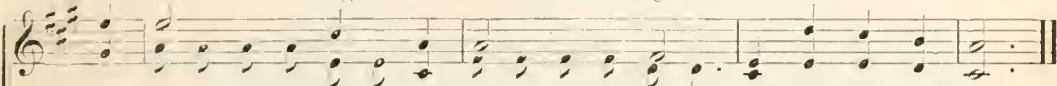
We're com - - ing, We're com - - ing,



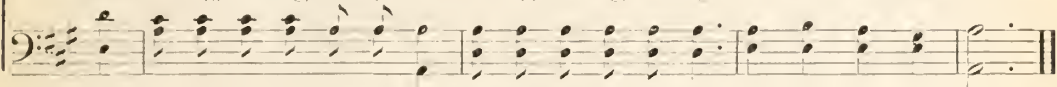
We're com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, We're coming, com-ing, com-ing, We ral - ly for the Lord;



We're com - - ing, We're com - - ing,

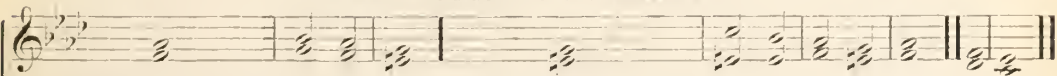


We're com-ing, com-ing, coming, We're coming, com-ing, com-ing To de - fend his Word.

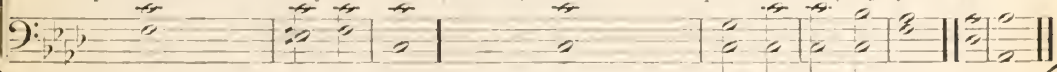


## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

\* \* \*



- |   |                        |   |   |
|---|------------------------|---|---|
| 1. Our Father who art in<br>heaven, hallowed . .  | <i>be thy name;</i>    | Thy kingdom come, thy<br>will be done on . .        | <i>earth as it is in heaven.</i>          |
| 2. Give us this day our .                         | <i>dai - ly bread,</i> | And forgive us our tres-<br>passes, as we forgive . | <i>those who tres-pass against us.</i>    |
| 3. And lead us not into<br>temptation but deliver | <i>us from evil:</i>   | For thine is the king-<br>dom, and the . . .        | <i>power and the glory forever. Amen.</i> |



## I WILL GUIDE THEE WITH MINE EYE.

N. N.—

"For thy Name's sake, lead me and guide me."—PSALM 31: 3.

W. A. O.

1. Pre - cious prom - ise    God has giv - en    To the wea - ry pass - er by,  
 2. When tempt - a - tions    al - most win thee,    And thy trust - ed watch - ers fly,  
 3. When the shades of    life are fall - ing,    And the hour has come to die,

*Fine.*

D.S. On the way from earth to heav - en, I will guide thee with mine eye.  
 D.S. Let this prom - ise ring with - in thee, I will guide thee with mine eye.  
 D.S. Hear thy trust - y Pi - lot call - ing, I will guide thee with mine eye.

**REFRAIN.**      *Cres.*      *Dim. D. S.*

I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;  
 I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee,

# NOTHING UNTO ME.

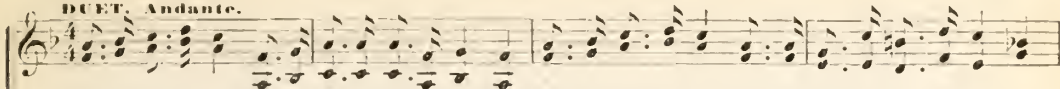
41

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness."—Is. 35: 10.

W. A. O.

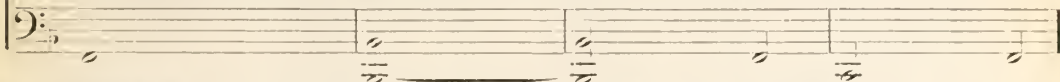
DUET. *Andante.*



1. 1 remember well When to grace I was a stranger, When I felt no sin, And was conscious of no danger ;
2. 1 remember well When I sought and found his favor, When he sealed my heart, And became my loving Sav-ior ;
3. 'Mid the scenes of earth, 'Mid the smiling and the weeping, 'Mid the cares and toils, 'Mid the sowing and the reaping ;



Oft I heard of Christ Having died up-on the tree, But this Je - sus then was Nothing un - to me.  
He forgave my sins, And he set my spir-it free, And this Je - sus now is All in all to me.  
In my life in death, In the long e - ter - ni - ty, This dear Je - sus shall be All in all to me.

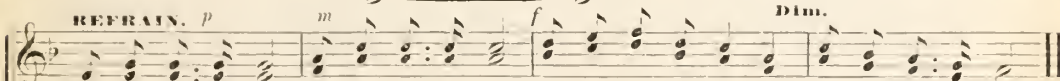


REFRAIN. *p*

*m*

*f*

*Dim.*



Noth-ing un - to me, Noth-ing un - to me, But this Je - sus then was Nothing un - to me.  
All in all to me, All in all to me, And this Je - sus now is All in all to me.  
All in all to me, All in all to me, This dear Je - sus shall be All in all to me.





## SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

REV. J. FLEMING.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS 16: 31.

W. T. GIFFE.



1. Zi - on's prom - ised morn - ing, When her night shall pass a - way. Lo! the dawn is  
 2. See the na - tions look - ing, long - ing, For the ris - ing of her sun, See the dis - tant  
 3. Oh, that great and glo - rious morning, Dawn - ing on this world of sin, Brightens, with its  
 4. Hast - en, then, this day of glad - ness, Sav - ior, and as - sert thy sway, Till on earth's long



now ap - pear - ing, Dawn of her mil - len - nial day.  
 islands throng - ing, Where his worship is be - gun. Rise, ye heralds! shout the tidings; Let the world the  
 rich a - dorn - ing, All around and all within.  
 night of sadness, Dawns the glad millennial day.



news proclaim, Waft ye winds the heavenly sto - ry, Spreading far the Sav - ior's name.



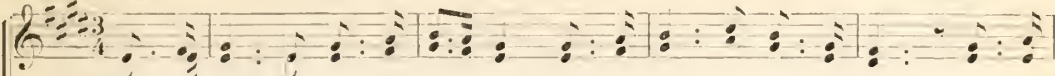
# RANSOMED MILLIONS.

43

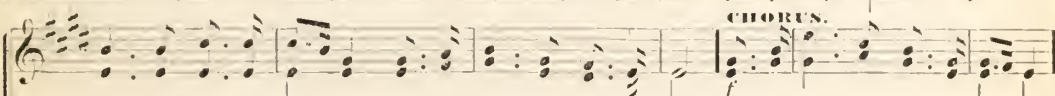
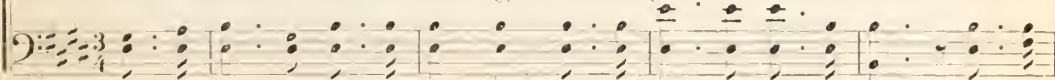
REV. J. FLEMING.

"And they sung a new song before the throne."—REV. 14: 3.

M. V. ZIMMERMAN.

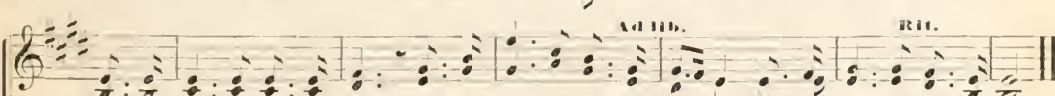
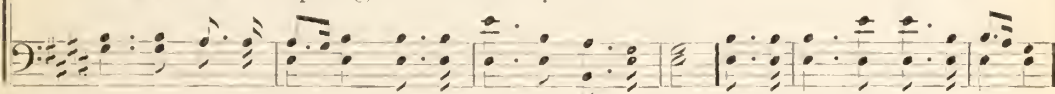


- |  |            |
|--|------------|
| 1. Ransomed mill - ions stand be - fore Him, Round his throne in heaven a - bove,  | Ransomed   |
| 2. Loud - est hal - le - lu - jahs rais - ing, Far be - yond the notes of time,    | They pro - |
| 3. While we hear those songs of bless - ing, Which from lips im - mor - tal roll,  | May we,    |
| 4. There the saved will cease from toil - ing, And no sigh shall heave the breast, | There the  |



## CHORUS.

mill - ions there a - dore him, For the won - ders of his love,  
claim that grace a - maz - ing, Which secured that heavenly clime. Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, blessing,  
too, there on - ward press - ing, Strive to reach that heavenly goal.  
foe shall cease from spoiling, There the wea - ry are at rest



Ad lib.

Rit.

Be to him up - on the throne, Heav'n and earth and all possess - ing, Je - sus reigns and reigns alone.



## IN THE BETTER LAND.

"His children shall all have a place of refuge."—PROV. 14: 26.

W. A. OGDEN.

Slow.

1. Hark the cho-ral band! With its mu - sie float-ing ev - er, O'er the bright and spark-ling  
 2. Now my brow is fanned By the breez-es from the mountains, And I hear the rip-pling  
 3. But I wait-ing stand, And my eyes are ev - er turn-ing, And my heart is ev - er

riv - er, From the un - seen strand, Where the an - gels bright are wing - ing, And the  
 fount-ains Of my na - tive strand; Well I love thy rocks and tow - ers, War - bling  
 yearn-ing For the gold - en strand. Where with heart to heart n - ni - ted We shall

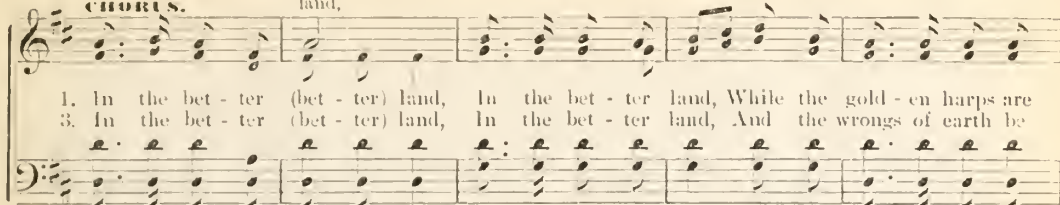
beau - ti - ful are sing-ing, While the gold-en harps are ring-ing, In the bet - ter land.  
 birds and fra-grant flow-ers, Of my spir - it's na - tal bow-ers, Of this earth - ly land.  
 keep the vows here plight-ed, And the wrongs of earth be right-ed In the bet - ter land.

# IN THE BETTER LAND. Concluded.

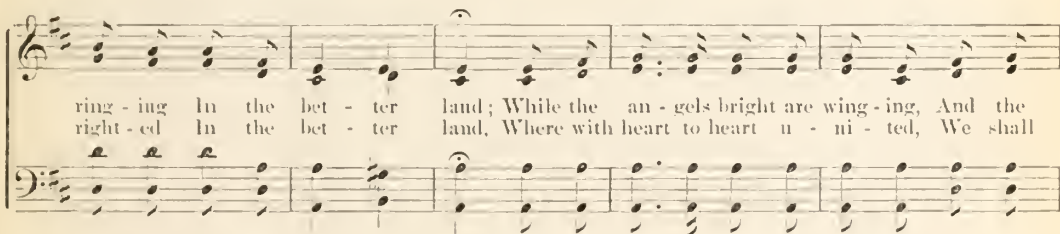
45

*♩♩* Chorus to be sung after first and last stanzas only.  
land,

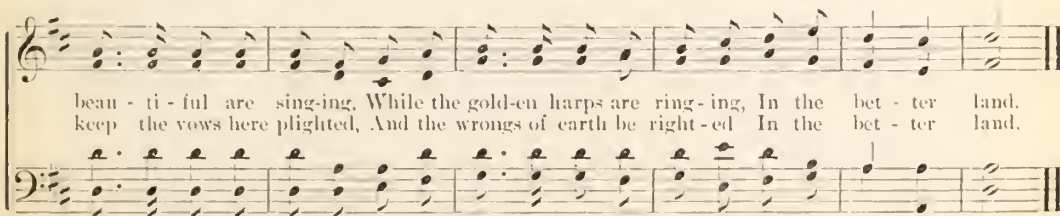
## CHORUS.



1. In the bet - ter (bet - ter) land, In the bet - ter land, While the gold - en harps are  
3. In the bet - ter (bet - ter) land, In the bet - ter land, And the wrongs of earth be



ring - ing In the bet - ter land; While the an - gels bright are wing - ing, And the  
right - ed In the bet - ter land, Where with heart to heart u - ni - ted, We shall



beau - ti - ful are sing - ing, While the gold - en harps are ring - ing, In the bet - ter land.  
keep the vows here plighted, And the wrongs of earth be right - ed, In the bet - ter land.

## THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

ANON.

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"—JER. 8 : 22.

J. W. DUNCAN.

1. The great phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus; He speaks the  
 2. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth-er name but Je-sus; Oh, how my  
 3. All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb, All glo-ry be to Je-sus; I love my  
 4. And when to that bright world a-bove We rise to see our Je-sus, We'll sing a-

## CHORUS.

droop-ing heart to cheer; Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus!  
 soul de-lights to hear The pre-cious name of Je-sus! Sweet-est note in ser-aph song,  
 bless-ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je-sus.  
 round the throne a-bove, And praise the name of Je-sus.

Sweet-est name on mortal tongue, The sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Is Je-sus, blessed Je-sus.



# WE ARE REAPERS.

47

"For whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap."—GAL. 6: 7.

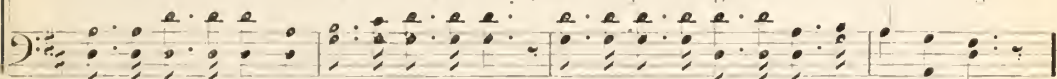
J. B. FERGUSON.



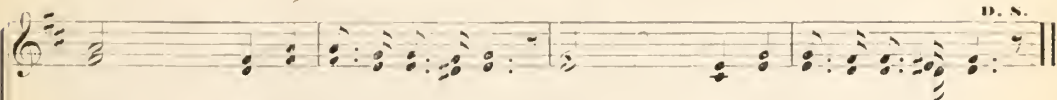
1. We are lit - tle reap-ers, Toiling all the day, Lab'ring in the harvest O'er the sto-ny way,
2. We are lit - tle reap-ers In the fields of sin, Striv-ing for the Master Precious souls to win,
3. We are lit - tle reap-ers In the harvest field, Truth and Right the sickles That our arms shall wield;



Gleaning 'mong the thistles, Searching thro' the rain, Gath'ring for the garner Bright and golden grain.  
Pointing them to Je - sus, To the Lamb of God, Fol-low-ing his footsteps In the path he trod.  
And we la - bor ev - er 'Neath our Father's eye, Gath'ring for the garner Of the throne on high.



*D. S.* Pointing them to Je - sus, To the Lamb of God, Fol - low-ing his foot-steps In the path he trod.



Toil - - - ing, we're toiling all the day, Glean - - - ing for souls a-long the way;  
Toiling for the Mas-ter, Gleaning precious souls to win a-long the way;



# MARCHING ON TO GLORY.

FRANK HOWARD.

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness."—Ps. 23: 3.

FRANK HOWARD.

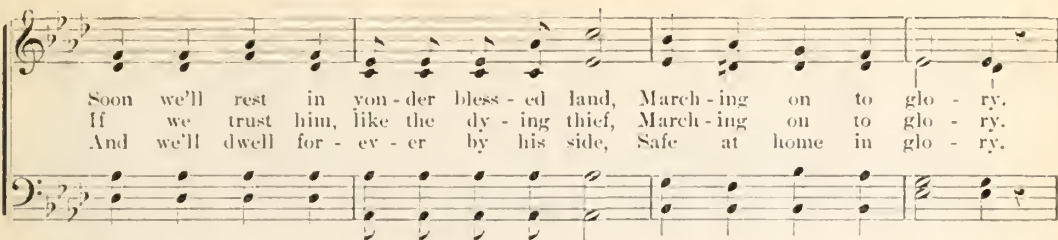
1. March - ing on to bat - tle for the right In a ease most ho - ly;  
 2. Toil - ing in the serv - ice of the Lord, For in Bi - ble sto - ry,  
 3. March - ing on, we'll gain a hap - py home, Pil - grims, meek and low - ly;

Guid - ed by a nev - er - fail - ing light, Lead - ing us to glo - ry.  
 He has prom - ised that a rich re - ward Shall be ours in glo - ry.  
 Christ, our Lead - er, beck - ons us to come To that rest so ho - ly.

Come, and join our earnest, cheer-ful band, Christ will guide us with his mighty hand;  
 From each bur - den, from all pain and grief, In his love we'll sure - ly find re - lief;  
 If we fol - low Je - sus cru - ci - fied, We in peace shall ev - er - more a - bide;

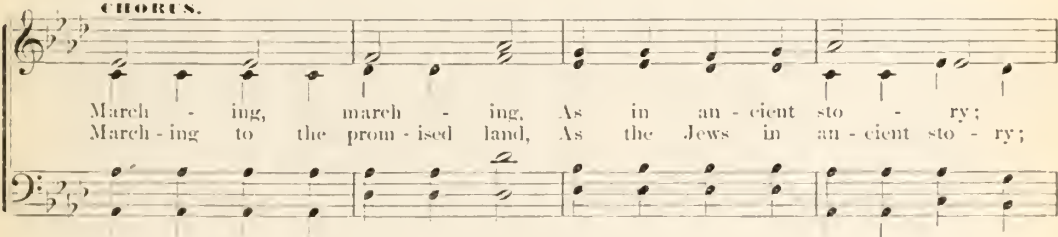
# MARCHING ON TO GLORY. Concluded.

49

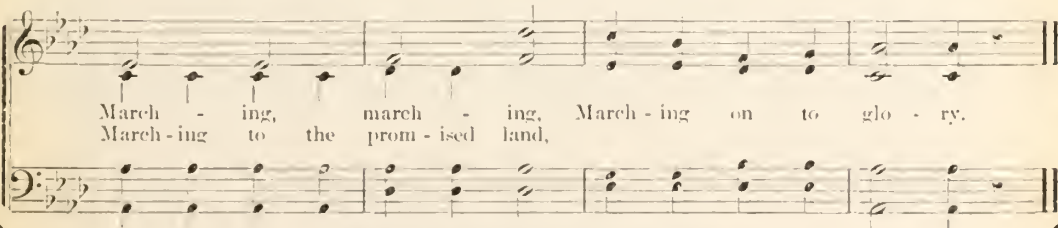


Soon we'll rest in von - der bless - ed land, March - ing on to glo - ry.  
 If we trust him, like the dy - ing thief, March - ing on to glo - ry.  
 And we'll dwell for - ev - er by his side, Safe at home in glo - ry.

## CHORUS.



March - ing, the march - ing, As in an - cient sto - ry;  
 March - ing to the prom - ised land, As the Jews in an - cient sto - ry;



March - ing, the march - ing, March - ing on to glo - ry.  
 March - ing to the prom - ised land,

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## OVER THE SILENT RIVER.

MRS. S. ANNA GORDON.

"Yet is there no end of all his labor."—ECCLES. 4: 8.

W. W. WHITNEY.

**DUET.** **CHORUS.** **DUET.**

1. What will be our la-bors there, O-ver the si-lent riv-er? When we a crown of life shall wear,  
 2. What will be our la-bors there, O-ver the si-lent riv-er? La-bors of love with each we'll share,  
 3. What will be our la-bors there, O-ver the si-lent riv-er? Our Fa-ther shall our work prepare,

**CHORUS.**

O-ver the si-lent riv-er; Our la-bor will be in our Father's employ.  
 O-ver the si-lent riv-er; Our dear Fa-ther's will shall our hearts employ, And the  
 O-ver the si-lent riv-er; Our labors will be free from all al-loy,

harvest we reap shall be one of joy, O-ver the si-lent riv-er, O-ver the si-lent riv-er.

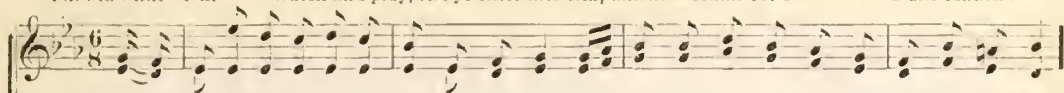
# SWEET GIFT OF PRAYER.

51

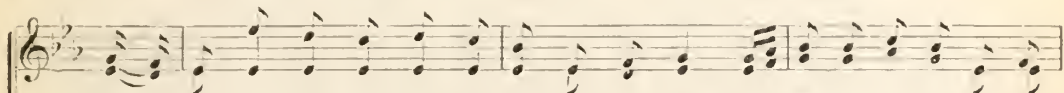
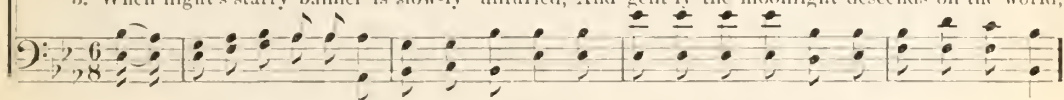
FANNIE CHADWICK.

"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."—MARK 14: 38

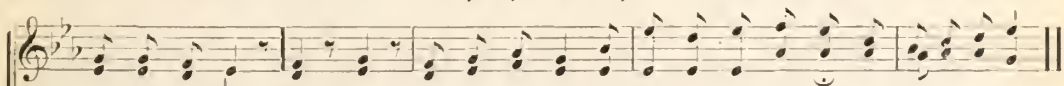
S. WESLEY MARTIN.



1. When the bright beams of morning awaken my eyes, I'll pray to our Father who spreads the blue skies,
2. The birds of the for-est, the field-flow - ers gay, Shall teach me love's lesson a - long all my way,
3. When night's starry banner is slow-ly unfurled, And gent-ly the moonlight descends on the world,



Giv-ing thanks for his mer - cy each day shows a - new, And ask-ing for help in the  
I'll sim - ply look up - ward, God's care to re - ceive, And share in the bless-ings of  
Be - fore on my pil - low I sink to re - pose, With prayer and with praises the



work I must do.  
those who be-lieve. Prayer, prayer, sweet gift of prayer, Strong help for the weary, sweet refuge from care.  
day I will close.





## GLORIOUS CITY.

"And there shall be no night there."—REV. 22: 5.

W. A. O.

1. Glo-rious cit - - y, home un-cloud-ed, Where comes on no shade of night;  
 2. Glo-rious eit - - y, home e - ter - nal, Where the saints shall dwell for aye;  
 D. C. Glo-rious cit - - y, home un-cloud - ed, Where comes on no shade of night;

Where the saints . . . in shin-ing rai-ment, Dwell for - ev - er in the light.  
 Sing - ing joy - - ful hal - le - lu - jahs To the Lamb through end - less day.  
*Where the saints . . . in shin-ing rai-ment, Dwell for - ev - er in the light.*

Where no sun . . . or moon is need - ed, With their fee - - ble, flick'ring ray;  
 Crowns of life, . . . and palms of glo - ry, Spot - less robes . . . will there be given;

# GLORIOUS CITY. Concluded.

53

D. C.

But the Lamb of God ex - alt - ed, Fills all heaven with end - less day.  
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, 'Tis the saints' e - ter - nal heaven.

## JESUS HIGH IN GLORY. (Infant Class.)

"The little ones which believe on me."—MATT. 18: 6.

T. M. MILLER.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus high in glo - ry, Lend a list'ning ear, While we bow be - fore thee, In - fant praises hear.  
2. Tho' thou art so ho - ly, Heav'n's almighty King, Thou wilt stoop to lis - ten, When thy praise we sing.  
3. We are little children, Weak, and often stray, Savior, guide and keep us In the heavenly way.

CHORUS.

Hear us, loving Sav-ior, Hear us now, we pray, Let thy Ho-ly Spir-it Dwell with us to-day.

## THE PROMISED REST.

MRS. S. ANNA GORDON.

"He will give thee rest."—EX. 33; 14.

WILHELM.

1. With this prom-ise, lov - ing fa - vor, I will give thee rest, In thy vine-yard here we  
 2. Rest he giv - eth to the wea - ry, Rest in peace be - low, Rest in hope when all is  
 3. Bear us up, O pre-cious Sav - ior! Till earth's toils are past, Then receive us with this

## REFRAIN.

la - bor, La - bor most su - preme - ly blest. Ours be the Christian's rest,  
 drear - y, Rest in God from ev - ery woe. In - to heaven - ly rest at last.

Rest from a - bove, Ours be the rest he giv - eth, Rest in the Fa - ther's love.

# THE SIN BEARER.

55

"Who his own self bear our sins."—1 PETER 2: 24.

S. S. BLYHOLDER.

Devotional.

1. O ev - er - bless - ed Mas - ter! Thou bear - er of my sin! Whose free and full for-  
 2. Not I, but thou, my Sav - ior, Must live my life for me; Not mine, but thine, the  
 3. O love, that pass - eth knowledge! O grace, di - vine - ly free! That thou should'st seek my

give - ness, Speaks joy and peace with - in; With thy yet rich - er bless - ing, Un-  
 war - fare, That gains the vie - to - ry; Not mine, but THINE, the bur - den Of  
 heart, Lord, And give thy - self to me! Not mine, but THINE, the glo - ry, My

to my heart, oh, come! Make it thy con - stant dwelling, Thy sure a - bid - ing home.  
 suff'ring, care, and loss; I can not feel its weight, Lord, When thou dost bear my cross,  
 thankful heart shall sing, All thine and thine for - ev - er, My gra - cious Lord and King!

## BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD!

"And they crucified him."—MARK 15 : 25.

J. H. TENNY.

*Slow and expressive.*

1. The gen - tle, ho - ly Je - sus, With-out a spot or stain, By wick - ed hands was  
 2. For you and me he suf - fered, 'Twas for our sins he died, And not for our sins  
 3. And now the work is fin - ished, The sin - ner's debt is paid, Be - cause on Christ the  
 4. Oh, won - der - ful re - demp-tion! God's rem - e - dy for sin; The door of heaven is

## CHORUS.

tak - en, And cru - ci - fied and slain.  
 on - ly, But all the world's be-side. Look, look, if you can bear it; Look  
 right - eous The sin of all was laid.  
 o - pen, And we may en - ter in.

at your dy - ing Lord; Stand near the cross and view him, Be-hold the Lamb of God!



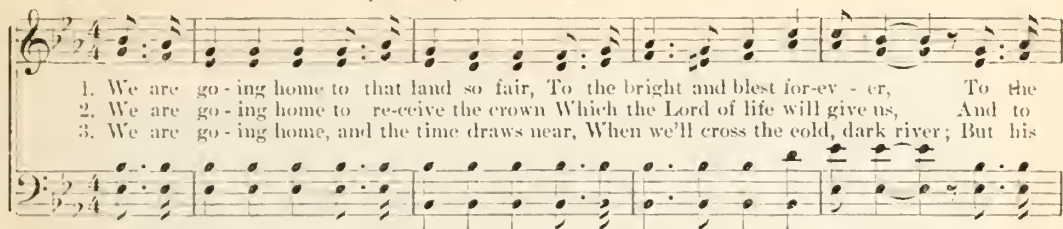
# WE ARE GOING HOME.

57

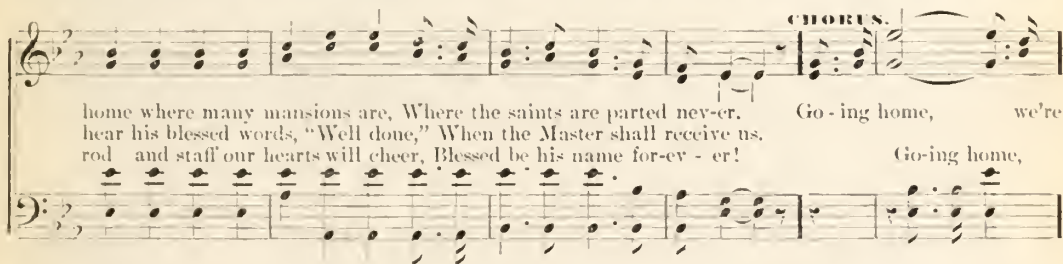
W. A. O.

"They shall reign forever and ever."—REV. 22 : 5.

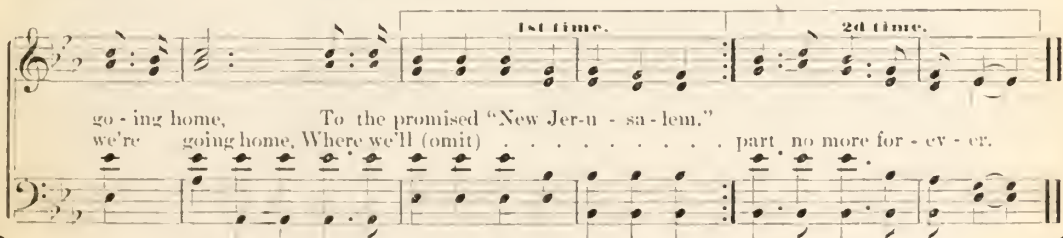
W. A. O.



1. We are go - ing home to that land so fair, To the bright and blest for-ev - er, To the  
 2. We are go - ing home to re-ceive the crown Which the Lord of life will give us, And to  
 3. We are go - ing home, and the time draws near, When we'll cross the cold, dark river; But his



home where many mansions are, Where the saints are parted nev-er. Go - ing home, we're  
 hear his blessed words, "Well done," When the Master shall receive us.  
 rod and staff our hearts will cheer, Blessed be his name for-ev - er! Go-ing home,



go - ing home, To the promised "New Jer-u - sa - lem."  
 we're going home, Where we'll (omit) . . . . . part, no more for - ev - er.

# BUILD UPON THE ROCK OF AGES.

REV. J. FLEMING.

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."—EPI. 3: 17.

J. J. DOOLITTLE.

1. Build upon the "Rock of A - ges," For the dark and stormy day,  
 2. Come in faith and deep contri - tion, Come in ho - ly boldness, too,  
 3. Slacken not tho' days be drear - y, Great and urgent is thy case,  
 4. When the stormy day shall meet thee, On the "Rock of Ages" fast,

Build before the tem-pest  
 Build for heaven, that's thy  
 Look to him who helps the  
 All the hosts of heaven will

CHORUS.

rag - es, Sweeping all thy works a-way,  
 mis-sion, That's the work thou hast to do. Je - sus is the sure foun - da - tion, Yea, the chief, the  
 wea - ry, With his all-suf - fi - cient grace,  
 greet thee, When the day of storms is past.

Cor - ner-Stone, In the day of thy pro - ba - tion, Build, oh, build on him a - lone.

# PRAISE HIM, EVER PRAISE HIM.

59

"If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."—JOHN 8 : 36.

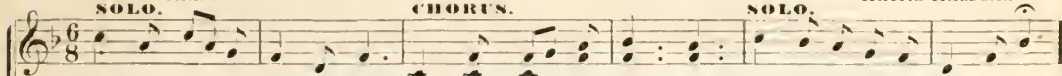
HATTIE HALDEMAN.

HATTIE HALDEMAN.

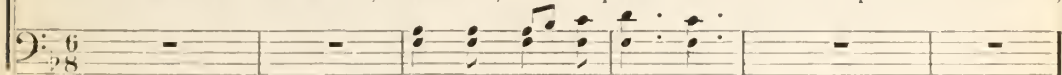
SOLO.

CHORUS.

SOLO.



1. Je - sus died for you and me, PRAISE HIM, EV - ER PRAISE HIM! Bled and died upon Cal - va - ry,
2. Jesus reigns in a bet - ter land, Praise him, ev - er praise him! Mercy's banner is in his hand,
3. Je - sus offers e - ter - nal life, Praise him, ev - er praise him! To the conqueror in the strife,

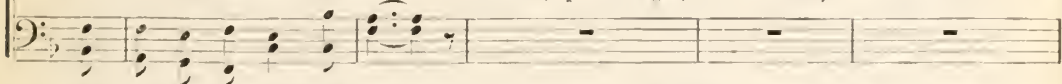


CHORUS.

DUET.



That we thro' his blood might live; On - ly look! it is sim - ple faith In his love that  
And pleads that all sin may cease; Oh, be-hold it and then be-lieve, Naught but love can  
To him who shall o - ver - come; Hearken, prod-i - gal, 'tis to thee, Je - sus calls so

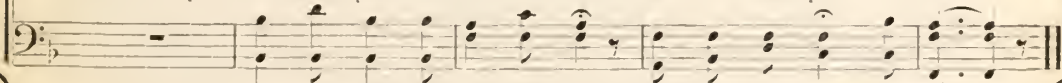


CHORUS.

Ad lib.



saves from death—Ere he drew his lat - est breath, Fa - ther, he cried, for - give.  
you re - ceive, Doubt not he will free - ly give Par - don and per - fect peace.  
ten - der - ly, Peace and par - don now is free, Come while there yet is room.



## SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.

"Wilt thou go with me to battle?"—1 KINGS 22: 4.

DR. I. F. McCORMICK.

**Spirited.**

1. Sol - diers of the cross, a - rise, Lo! your Lead - er from the skies Waves be - fore you  
 2. Je - sus con- quered when he fell, Met and vanquished death and hell, Now he leads you  
 3. On - ward, then, ye hosts of God, Je - sus points the vic - tor's rod, Fol - low where your

glo - ry's prize, The prize of vic - to - ry; Seize your ar - mor, gird it on, Soon the con - flict  
 on to swell The tri - umph of the skies; Tho' your en - e - mies ap - pear, Who will doubt, or  
 Lead - er trod, You soon shall see his face; Soon your en - e - mies all slain, Crowns of glo - ry

**CHORUS.**

will be done, Fight un - til the bat - tle's won, Then struggle man - ful - ly.  
 who can fear? God our strength and shield is near, We'll sure - ly win the prize. Then onward is the  
 you shall gain, Soon you'll join the glorious train Who shout their Savior's praise.

# SOLDIERS OF CHRIST. Concluded.

61

cry, Lift the cross of Christ on high, That none may pass it by, While marching to the sky.

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

ANON.

"And yet I am not alone."—JOHN 16: 32.

W. A. O.

1. When no earth - ly friend is near, With gen - tle words my heart to cheer,  
2. 'Tis on his strength that I re - ly, And doubts and fears at once de - fy,  
3. Then what - e'er to me be - tide, I have a place where - in to hide,

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Ad Lib.

Still I'm with my Sav - ior dear, A - lone, yet not a - lone.  
So hap - py, so con - tent am I, A - lone, yet not a - lone.  
E'en by faith at his blest side, A - lone, yet not a - lone.

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



## THE PEARL FOR ME.

"Peace through the blood of his cross."—COL. 1: 26.

With feeling.

1. The pearl that worldlings eov - et Is not the pearl for me, Its beau - ty fades as  
 2. The crown that decks the mon - arch Is not the crown for me, It daz - zles but a  
 3. The road that ma - ny trav - el Is not the road for me, It leads to death and

quick - ly As sun - shine on the sea; But there's a pearl sought by the wise, 'Tis  
 mo - ment, Its bright - ness soon will flee; But there's a crown pre - pared a - bove For  
 sor - row, It leads to mis - er - y; But there's a road that leads to God, 'Tis

called the pearl of great - est price; Oh, that's the pearl for me! Oh, that's the pearl for me!  
 all who walk in hum - ble love For - ev - er bright 'twill be; Oh, that's the crown for me!  
 marked by Je - sus' pre - cious blood, The pas - sage here is free; Oh, that's the road for me!

# THE PEARL FOR ME. Concluded.

63

## REFRAIN.

1st time.

2d time.

Oh, that's the pearl! Oh, that's the crown! Oh, that's the road!

Oh, that's the pearl for me! Oh, that's the crown for me! Oh, that's the road for me!

that's the pearl for me! that's the crown for me! that's the road for me!

Oh, that's the pearl, the precious pearl!  
Oh, that's the crown, the precious crown!  
Oh, that's the road, the roy - al road!

## SAVIOR, JESUS!

Mrs. CARMICHAEL.

"Rejoicing in hope."—Rom. 12 : 22.

HARRY SANDEES.

1. Sav - ior, Je - sus! pass not by; Turn on me thy lov - ing eye;  
2. Sav - ior, Je - sus! from a - bove, Touch me with thy hand of love;

See my heart with sor - row pressed; Sav - ior, Je - sus! give me rest.  
Bid it wipe a - way my tears; Sav - ior, Je - sus! calm my fears.

## CITY LIKE A BRIDE.

LILLIAN GRAFTON PENCE. "For here we have no continuing city."—HEB. 13: 14.

W. A. OGDEN.

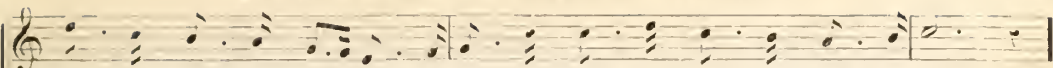
SOLO to be sung by the school.

1. There's a cit - y like a bride, far be - yond the swell - ing tide, And mine  
 2. In that cit - y clear as light there's a man - sion fair and bright, He pre-  
 3. Here are hearts grown old with fears; here are eyes grown dim with tears, But no  
 4. Oh, how cheer - ing is the thought, to my soul with bless - ing fraught, While mine

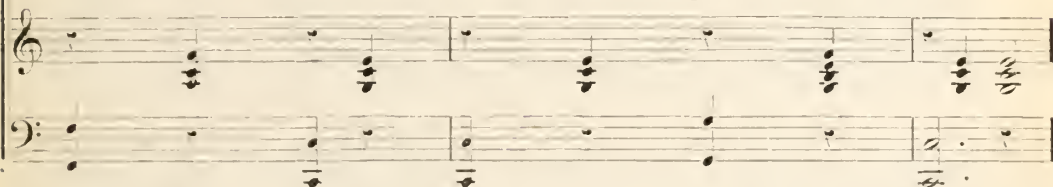
eyes are ev - er turn - ing t'ward its gates; For there's rest and peace with - in for the  
 pared for me in - side the pear - ly gates; So my long - ing eyes I turn, while my  
 cares per - plex be - yond the bless - ed gates; There a - like the rich and poor find a  
 eyes are ev - er turn - ing t'ward its gates; That for me and all be - side, all for,

## CITY LIKE A BRIDE. Concluded.

65



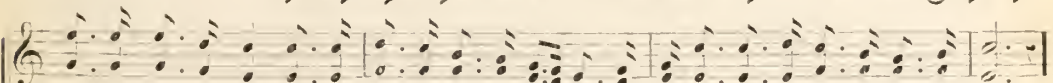
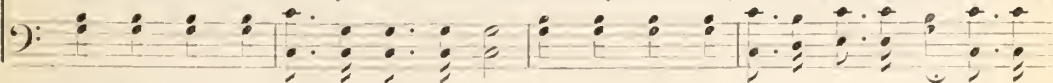
soul that's free from sin And beyond the shin - ing por - tal Je - sus waits.  
 soul with trans - port burns, For I know up - on its thresh - old Je - sus waits.  
 ha - ven safe and sure; And for ev - ery home - less wan - d'rer Je - sus waits.  
 whom the Sav - ior died, Just with-in the shin - ing por - tal Je - sus waits.



## CHORUS.



Bless - ed home, thou cit - y like a bride, Heav'nly home be-yond the swell-ing tide, Oh, there's



rest and peace with-in for the soul that's free from sin, In the cit - y just beyond the swell-ing tide.



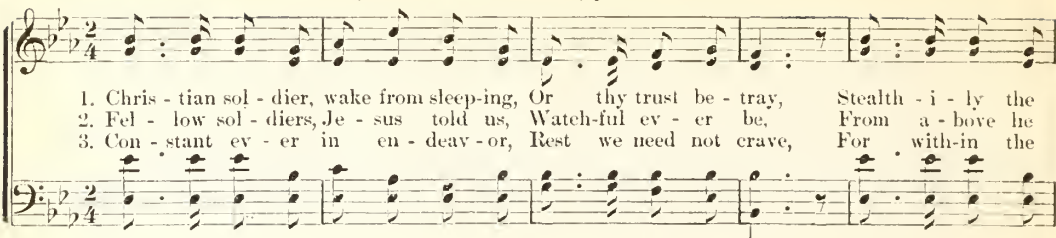
Copyrighted by W. W. Whitney, A. D. 1878.

## GUARD THE HEART.

FANNIE CHADWICK.

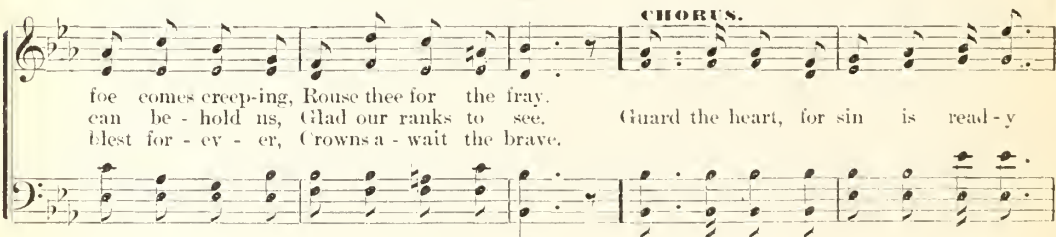
"The eyes of the Lord are in every place."—PROV. 15; 3.

W. C. HALL.

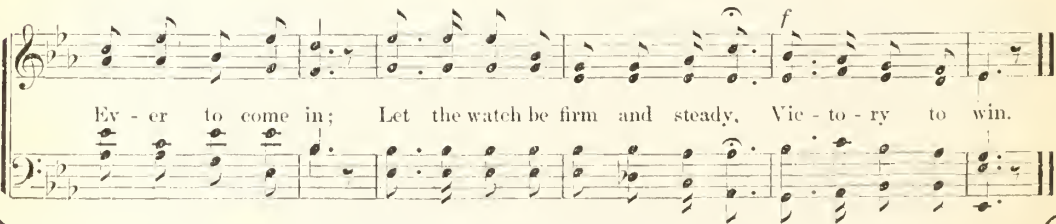


1. Chris - tian sol - dier, wake from sleep - ing, Or thy trust be - tray, Stealth - i - ly the  
 2. Fel - low sol - diers, Je - sus told us, Watch - ful ev - er be, From a - bove he  
 3. Con - stant ev - er in en - deav - or, Rest we need not crave, For with - in the

**CHORUS.**



foe comes creep - ing, Rouse thee for the fray.  
 can be - hold us, Glad our ranks to see. Guard the heart, for sin is read - y  
 blest for - ev - er, Crowns a - wait the brave.



Ev - er to come in; Let the watch be firm and steady, Vic - to - ry to win.



# FOUNTAIN OF GRACE.

67

"With thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. 36: 9.

W. C. HALL.

**Moderato.**

1. A fount-ain of life and of grace, In Christ, our Re-deem-er, we see;  
 2. As soon as in him we be-lieve, By faith of his Spir-it par-take,  
 3. We gain a dear drop of his love, The life of e-ter-ni-ty know,

**F.**

**Fine.**

For us, who his of-fers em-brace, For all it is o-pen and free.  
 And free-ly for-giv-en re-ceive The mer-cy for Je-sus' dear sake.  
 An-gel-i-cal hap-pi-ness prove, And wit-ness a heav-en be-low.

D. S. The stream of im-mor-tal de-light, That flows from his heav-en-ly throne.

**CHORUS.**

**D. S.**

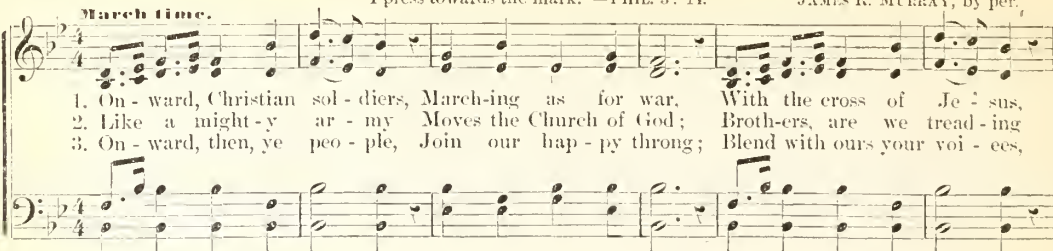
Je-ho-vah him-self doth in-vite To drink of its pleas-ures un-known,

## ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

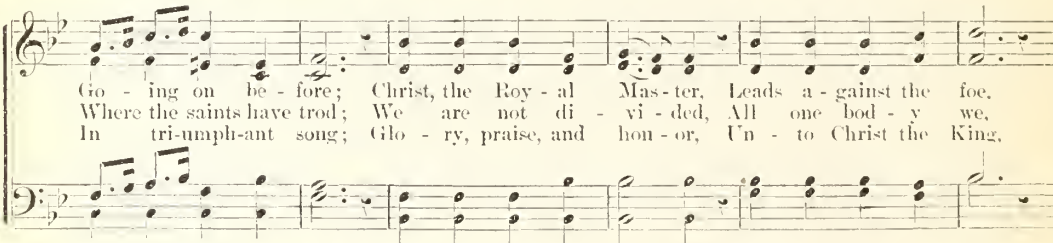
"I press towards the mark."—PHIL. 3: 14.

JAMES R. MURRAY, by per.

March time.

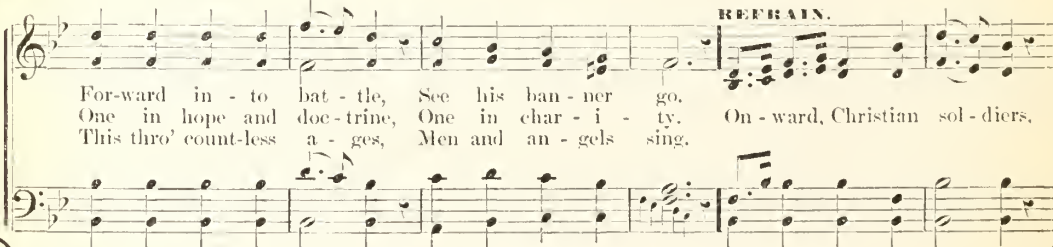


1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, March - ing as for war, With the cross of Je - sus,  
 2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth - ers, are we tread - ing  
 3. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your voi - ces,



Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe,  
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we,  
 In tri - umph - ant song; Glo - ry, praise, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King,

REFRAIN.



For - ward in - to bat - tle, See his ban - ner go, On - ward, Christian sol - diers,  
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty,  
 This thro' count - less a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

# ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS. Concluded.

69

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

## UNKNOWN COUNTRY. (Chant.)

"A better country, that is, an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Where is that unknown country?  
I whispered *sad and low*;  
2. Along that shining country, The peaceful. *river flows*.

That strange and awful country, To which I *soon must go*.  
And in that wondrous country, The tree of *life doth grow*.

Out of the unknown country, A voice came *soft and low*;  
And then into the country, Of which I *nothing know*;

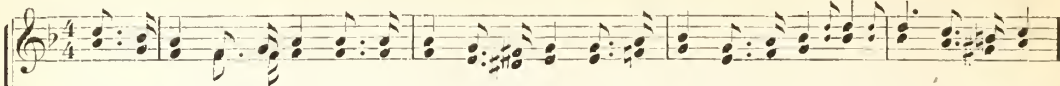
Oh, pleasant is that coun-try, And *sweet it is to go*.  
The everlasting country, With *willing heart I go*.

## WE ARE DRIFTING AWAY.

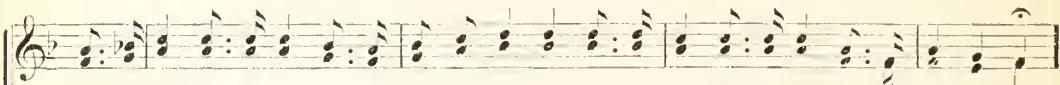
MATTIE E. OWENS.

"A rest to the people of God."—JOHN 5 : 6.

DR. I. F. McCORMICK.



1. We are drift-ing a-way o'er the dark roll-ing tide Of the o - cean of life so deep and so wide;
2. We are drift-ing a-way—we've the anchor of hope And the ea - ble of faith with the o-cean to cope;
3. We are drift-ing away from the shores of the world, But our ban-ner of love shall be ev-er unfurled;



We are has - ten - ing on to that beau - ti - ful shore Where the tempest and trials of life are o'er.  
 Tho' the storm sweepeth o'er us, 'tis ev - er in vain, With the armor of truth we our strength sustain.  
 Soon we'll join those we love where the parting is o'er, That have drifted away to that bright, bright shore.



## CHORUS.



Drift-ing on - - - ward, onward o'er the rolling sea, Drifting on - ward, onward to e - ter - ni - ty;



# WE ARE DRIFTING AWAY. Concluded.

71

But we'll breast the foaming tide Till we reach the oth - er side, Till we an-chor safe at home.

## INVITATION. 11s & 10s.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor."—MATT. 11:28.

W. A. O.

*Not too fast-flowing.*

1. Come un-to me when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary and dis-tressed;
2. Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken, When the ripe fruit hung richly to the ground;
3. Large are the mansions in my Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;

Seek - ing for comfort from your heavenly Father, Come un-to me and I will give you rest.  
When the loved slept in brighter homes to waken, Where their pale brows with spirit wreathes were crowned.  
Sweet are the harps in holy mu - sic swelling, Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.



## THE STRAY LAMB.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out"—JOHN 6 : 37.

*Slowly.*

1. A lit - le lamb for - sook the fold And wandered far a - way, In mountain for - ests  
 2. He followed on thro' depths pro - found, In darkness and in storm, Till on the mountain's  
 3. 'Twas I that strayed so far a - way, 'Twas I the Sav - ior found; I on his gen - tle

dark and cold, Where ev - 'ry dan - ger lay; The shepherd called the wanderer back With  
 ut - most bound He saw its trem - bling form; He took the lamb up - on his breast To  
 bo - som lay, By love se - cure - ly bound; Oh, lov - ing Shep - herd! I will keep For -

many a ten - der word, And far up - on the mountain track The Shepherd's voice was heard.  
 shield it from the cold, And safe - ly laid it down to rest Within the guarded fold.  
 ev - er near thy side, And fol - low with thy faith - ful sheep My Sav - ior and my Guide.

# ROYAL INVITATION.

73

CRABBE.

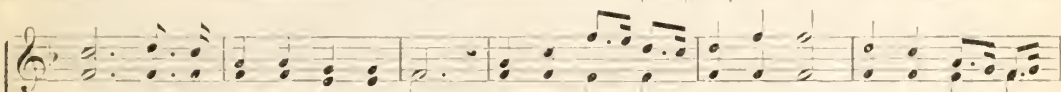
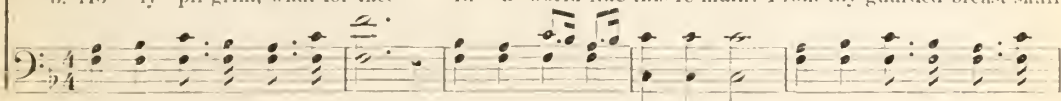
"Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—ISAIAH 45: 22.

W. A. OGDEN.

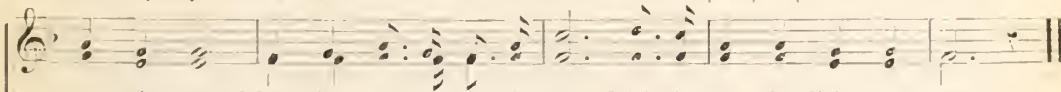
*Andante.*



1. Pil-grim, burdened with thy sin, Come this way to Zi-on's gate; There, till mer-cy let thee
2. Hark! it is the Bridegroom's voice; Welcome, pil-grim, to thy rest; Now with-in the gate re-
3. Ho - ly pil-grim, what for thee In a world like this re-main? From thy guarded breast shall



in, Knock and weep and watch and wait; Knock, he knows the sin-ner's cry; Weep, he loves the  
 voice, Safe and sealed, and bought and blest; Safe from all the lures of vice, Sealed by signs the  
 flee Fear and shame, and doubt and pain; Fear, in hope of heaven shall fly; Shame, from glo-ry's



mourner's tears; Watch, for sav-ing grace is nigh, Wait till heavenly light ap-pears.  
 chos-en know; Bought by love, and life the price, Blest the night-y debt to owe.  
 view re-tire, Doubt in cer-tain rapt-ure die, Pain in end-less bliss ex-pire.



## THINE EYE CAN SEE.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"Thine eye shall behold."—ISA. 33: 17.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. Dear Sav - ior, all I think or do, Thine eye can see; My ma - ny wants, my  
 2. Do clouds ob - seure my morn - ing sun? Thine eye can see; Do friends for - sake me  
 3. When eve - ning shad - ows o'er me creep, Thine eye can see; When on my pil - low  
 4. If I will serve thee day by day, Thine eye can see: If from thy pleas - ant

tri - als, too, Thine eye can see; Wher - e'er I dwell it mat - ters not, My  
 one by one? Thine eye can see; Have I no home, no rest - ing place? Still  
 calm I sleep, Thine eye can see; I thank thee for thy watch - ful care, How  
 paths I stray, Thine eye can see: Oh, take my heart, my will sub - dune, And

home a pal - ace or a cot, Thank God! whatev - er be my lot, Thine eye can see.  
 o - pened are thine arms of grace, The tear of sor - row on my face Thine eye can see.  
 sweet thy ten - der love to share, And know that ev - ry grief I bear Thine eye can see.  
 may I ev - er keep in view, That all I think and all I do Thine eye can see.

# THINE EYE CAN SEE. Concluded.

75

CHORUS.

Thine eye can see. Thine eye can see; Thank God! whatever be my lot, Thine eye can see.

## WHO IS THIS?

"Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."—JOHN 19: 19.

Slow.

1. Who is this in silence bending O'er a dark, sepulchral cave? Sympathetic sorrow  
2. When the pangs of trial seize us, When the waves of sorrow roll, I will lay my head on  
3. Jesus wept; that tear of sorrow Is a legacy of love; Yesterday, to-day, to-

blending With the tears around that grave; Christ the Lord is standing by, At the tomb of Betha-ny!  
Je - sus, Pil - low of the troubled soul; Surely none can feel like thee, Weeping one of Betha-ny!  
mor-row, He the same doth ever prove; Thou art all in all to me, Living one of Betha-ny!

## WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS OF ZION.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

"Watchman, what of the night?"

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

SOLO.



1. Watchman on the walls of Zi - on, Keeping watch with sleepless brow, Thro' the lone - ly night and
2. Watchman on the walls of Zi - on, Keeping watch with sleepless brow, From the bat - tle, long and
3. Watchman on the walls of Zi - on, Keeping watch with sleepless brow, What re - port now of the

DUET.



wea-ry, Watching long, what se-est thou? Ranks of foes are swift ad - vane-ing, Sin and  
 fear-ful, Watching brave, what se-est thou? Sounds of war, with hor-rid clat - ter, Drums are  
 bat-tle, To our long - ing, giv-est thou? Vic - to - ry has crowned our ar - my, See the



crime are falling round; Cap-tain call - ing, armor glancing, War-cries loud and louder sound,  
 beat - ing loud and clear; O'er the bat - tle's din the bu - gle Of our ar - my plain I hear.  
 foe re-treat-ing fast; Yes, our ar - my is vic-to-rious, Vic-to - ry is gained at last.

CHORUS.



Cour - age, sol - diers, on to bat - tle, Though the strife be hard and long;





# WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS OF ZION. Concluded. 77

Yet press on, a light is dawn-ing, Sing with loud, tri - umph-ant song.

Sing with loud, tri-umph-ant song.

This block contains the musical notation for the first piece. It features a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

## AND THIS IS ETERNAL LIFE.

And this is e - ter - nal life, And this is e - ter - nal life, That

they should know thee, the on - ly true God, And Je - sus Christ whom thou hast sent.

they should know thee.

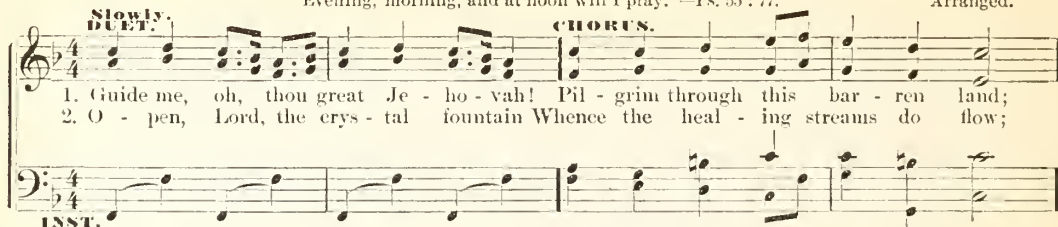
This block contains the musical notation for the second piece. It features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

# PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

"Evening, morning, and at noon will I pray."—Ps. 55 : 77.

Arranged.

**Slowly.**  
**DUET.**



**CHORUS.**

1. Guide me, oh, thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil - grim through this bar - ren land;  
2. O - pen, Lord, the crys - tal fountain Whence the heal - ing streams do flow;

**INST.**

**DUET.**

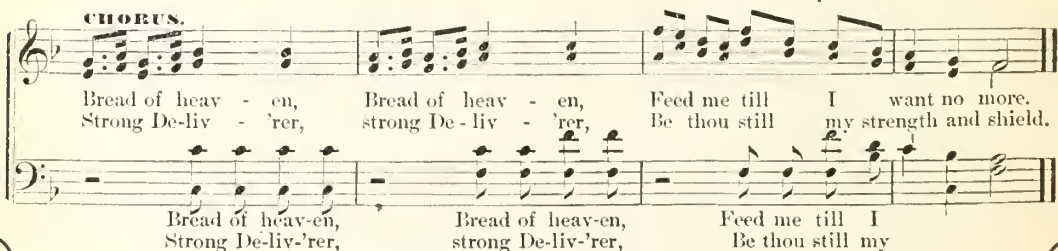


**CHORUS.**

I am weak, but thou art might - y, Hold me with thy power - ful hand;  
Let the fi - cry cloud and pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through;

Hold me with thy  
Lead me all my

**CHORUS.**



Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.  
Strong De - liv - 'rer, strong De - liv - 'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

Bread of heav-en,  
Strong De-liv-'rer,

Bread of heav-en,  
strong De-liv-'rer,

Feed me till I  
Be thou still my

# ANGEL'S PROCLAMATION.

79

FANNY J. CROSBY.

THEO. E. PERKINS, by per.

*Slow.*

1. Hark! the mighty tones sublime, Trumpet tongues of olden time, Breathing on the silent air, Shouting glory  
 2. Mourning captive, cease thy tears; Lo! the promised day appears, Thro' the misty vale of night, Bursting in a  
 3. Now with healing in her wings, Hark! a white-robed angel sings, "Mortals from the realms above, I have borne my

ev-ry-where! Hark! a - gain their joy - ful sound Rings a - far, the earth around; While a vast, a-  
 flood of light; Oh, what wondrous things are done By the Father, thro' the Son! Oh, the smile of  
 harp of love; Hal - le - lu - jah! sing with me, Hail our greatest ju - bi - lee! Sing in pur - est,

*D. S. E - den lost, to*

**Fluc. CHORUS.**

**D. S.**

dor-ing throng, Catch the strain, and join the song,  
 pard'ning grace, Beaming in the Sav-ior's face. Un-to us a child is given; Open now the gates of heav'n;  
 sweet-est lays, On this ho - ly day of days."

*man re-stored, Thro' the birth of Christ the Lord.*

## TRAVELING HOME.

REV. WILLIAM HUNTER.

"Gathering together unto him."—2 THESS. 2: 1.

J. B. FERGUSON.

1. A home in heaven, what a joy - ful thought As we hum - bly toil in our wea - ry lot,  
 2. A home in heaven when our pleasures fade, And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;  
 3. Our home in heaven, oh the glori - ous home, And the Spir - it, joined with the Bride, says come,

With our hearts oppress'd and with an - guish driv'n, From our home be - low to our home in heav'n.  
 When our strength decays and our health is riv'n, We are hap - py still with our home in heav'n.  
 Come and seek his face, and your sins for - giv'n, And re - joice in hope of our home in heav'n.

## CHORUS.

Trav'ling on so glad and free To a home for you and me, for you and me.  
 trav'ling on, so glad and free, To a home

# TRAVELING HOME. Concluded.

81

Come and join . . . our hap-py band, our hap-py band Marching to the prom-ised land.  
Come and join

## GATHER THE CHERISHED ONES. (Funerals.)

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—REV. 14: 13.

*Slowly.*

1. Gather the cherished ones Home to their rest, Strew the pale ros - es O'er the breast;  
2. Weep for the cherished ones, Hallow with tears Graves which the loves of Lost ones en - dears;  
3. Sav - ior, our cherished ones Welcome on high, With him for - ev - er No more to die;

Like them in beau - ty Flowers de - cay, When the heart's earthly joy Fad-eth a - way,  
Trust to their pil - low Gen - tly the dead, An - gels from heav-en will Watch o'er their bed.  
May we, dear Fa - ther, When life is o'er, Meet them in glo - ry, to Part nev-er more.

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## ON TO VICTORY.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world."—1 JOHN 5: 4.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

**Boldly.**

1. Sol-diers, for whom the Sav-ior bled, On in your Cap-tain's foot-steps tread, Fol-low your  
 2. Sol-diers, come has-ten on with me, Soon, soon your en-e-mies must flee, Your great re-  
 3. By all the ran-som which he gave, By his full tri-umph o'er the grave, Trust in his

D. C. Sol-diers, for whom the Sav-ior bled, On in your Cap-tain's foot-steps tread, Fol-low your

**Fine.**

Mas-ter, and be led On to vic-to-ry; See, how the foe-men take the ground,  
 ward be-fore you see, Shin-ing from on high; Come, bold-ly take the glo-rious field,  
 might-y power to save, Firm and faith-ful be; And when the last dark hour is nigh,

Mas-ter, and be led On to vic-to-ry.

**D. C.**

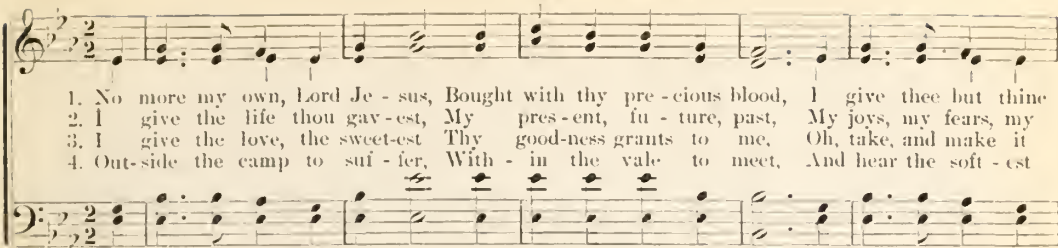
Hark, how the sig-nal trumpets sound, List, how the ae-cents pour a-round Cheering mel-o-dy.  
 You may be slain, but nev-er yield, You shall inscribe up-on your shield, Viet'ry though I die.  
 When the great tear-drop dims the eye, You shall in death's last parting sigh Grasp the vic-to-ry.

# MY OFFERING.

83

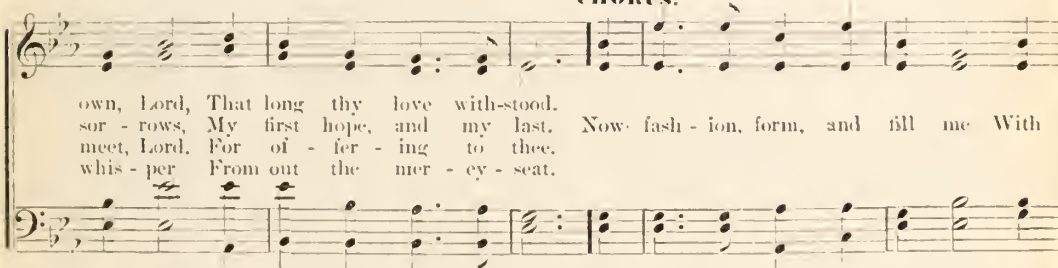
ANON.

"According to his mercy he saved us."—TITUS 3: 5.

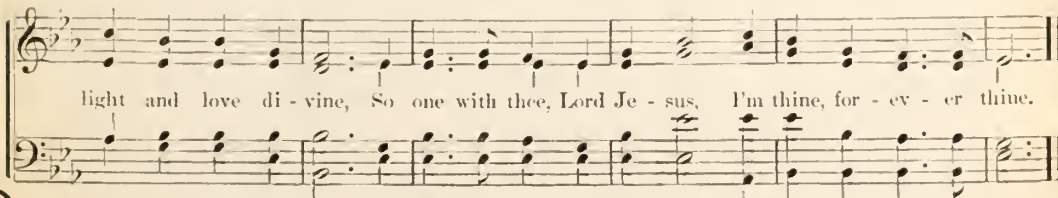


1. No more my own, Lord Je - sus, Bought with thy pre - cious blood, I give thee but thine  
 2. I give the life thou gav - est, My pres - ent, fu - ture, past, My joys, my fears, my  
 3. I give the love, the sweet - est Thy good - ness grants to me, Oh, take, and make it  
 4. Out - side the camp to suf - fer, With - in the vale to meet, And hear the soft - est

## CHORUS.



own, Lord, That long thy love with - stood.  
 sor - rows, My first hope, and my last. Now: fash - ion, form, and fill me With  
 meet, Lord. For of - fer - ing to thee,  
 whis - per From out the mer - cy - seat.

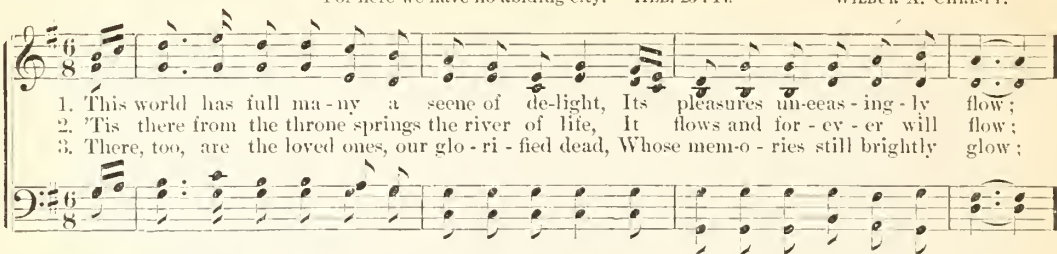


light and love di - vine, So one with thee, Lord Je - sus, I'm thine, for - ev - er thine.


## THE LAND THAT NO MORTAL MAY KNOW.

"For here we have no abiding city."—HEB. 23 : 14.

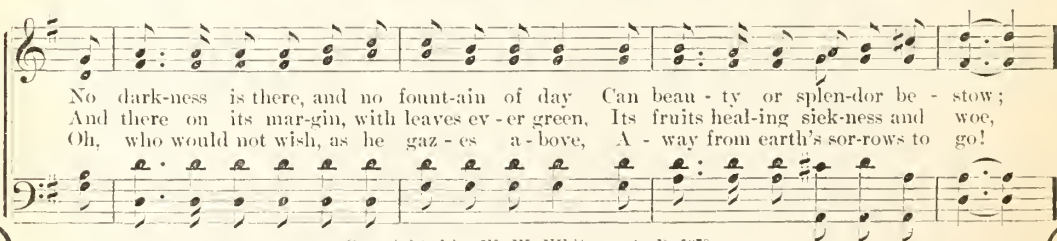
WILBUR A. CHRISTY.



1. This world has full ma - ny a scene of de - light, Its pleasures un - eas - ing - ly flow ;  
 2. 'Tis there from the throne springs the river of life, It flows and for - ev - er will flow ;  
 3. There, too, are the loved ones, our glo - ri - fied dead, Whose mem - o - ries still brightly glow ;



But pur - er by far, and more blessed and bright, Is the land that no mor - tal may know ;  
 Its waves as they roll are with mel - o - dy rife In the land that no mor - tal may know ;  
 Their spir - its to that bless - ed ha - ven have fled, To the land that no mor - tal may know ;



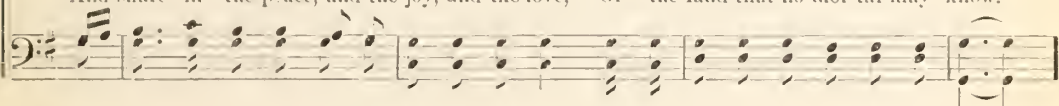
No dark - ness is there, and no fount - ain of day Can beau - ty or splen - dor be - stow ;  
 And there on its mar - gin, with leaves ev - er green, Its fruits heal - ing sick - ness and woe,  
 Oh, who would not wish, as he gaz - es a - bove, A - way from earth's sor - rows to go !

# THE LAND THAT NO MORTAL. Concluded.

85



The pres-ence of him who cre - a - ted each ray Lights the land that no mor-tal may know.  
The fair tree of life in its glo - ry is seen In the land that no mor-tal may know.  
And share in the peace, and the joy, and the love, Of the land that no mor-tal may know.



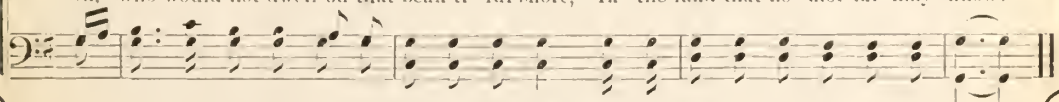
## REFRAIN.



The land that no mor-tal may know (may know), The land that no mor-tal may know;



Oh, who would not dwell on that beau-ti - ful shore, In the land that no mor-tal may know!

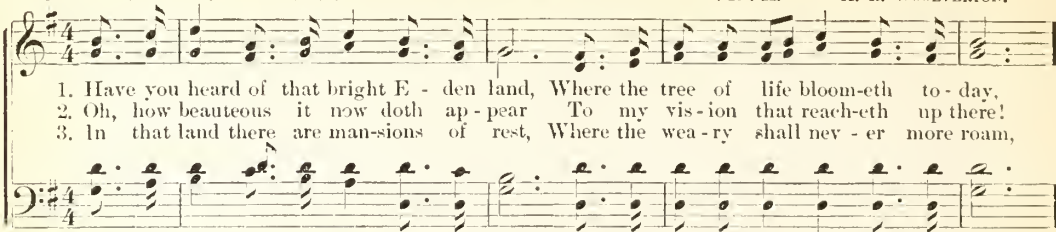


## EDEN LAND.

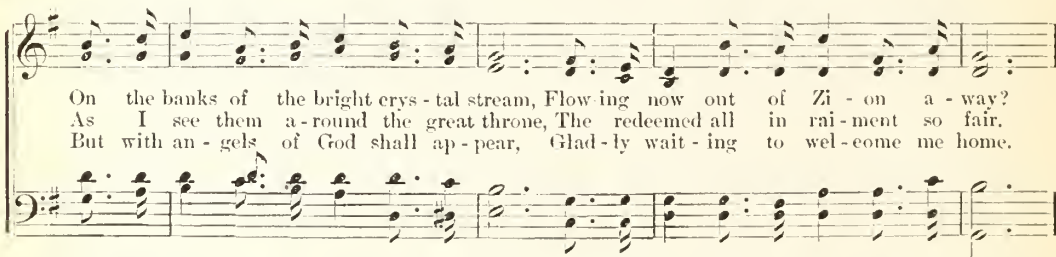
A. B. WOOLVERTON.

"There I shall meet with thee and commune."—EX. 25 : 22

A. B. WOOLVERTON.



1. Have you heard of that bright E - den land, Where the tree of life bloom-eth to - day,  
 2. Oh, how beauteous it now doth ap - pear To my vis - ion that reach-eth up there!  
 3. In that land there are man-sions of rest, Where the wea - ry shall nev - er more roam,



On the banks of the bright crys - tal stream, Flow - ing now out of Zi - on a - way?  
 As I see them a - round the great throne, The redeemed all in rai - ment so fair.  
 But with an - gels of God shall ap - pear, Glad - ly wait - ing to wel - come me home.




**CHORUS.**  
 E - den land, bright and fair, Sin nor death en - ter there;  
 E - den land, bright and fair, Sin nor death en - ter there;



# EDEN LAND. Concluded.

87

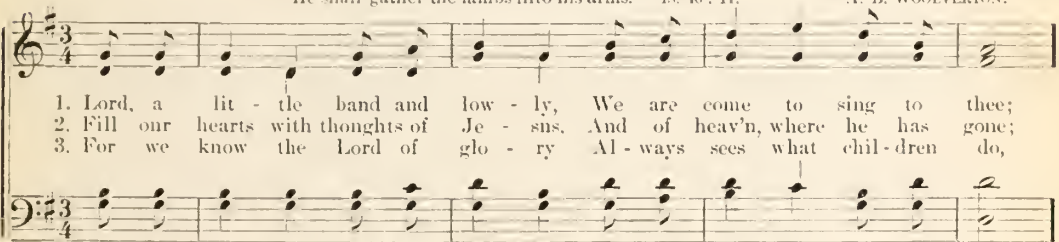


Angels, come (angels come) bear me home (bear me home) To the bless-ed rest prepared for me.

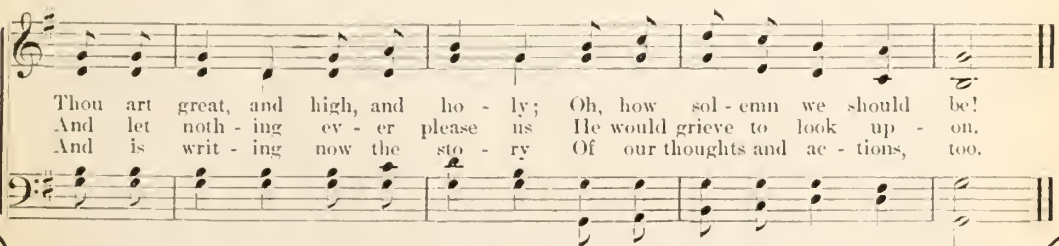
## A LITTLE BAND.

"He shall gather the lambs into his arms."—Is. 40 : 11.

A. B. WOOLVERTON.



1. Lord, a lit - tle band and low - ly, We are come to sing to thee;  
 2. Fill our hearts with thoughts of Je - sus, And of heav'n, where he has gone;  
 3. For we know the Lord of glo - ry Al - ways sees what chil - dren do,

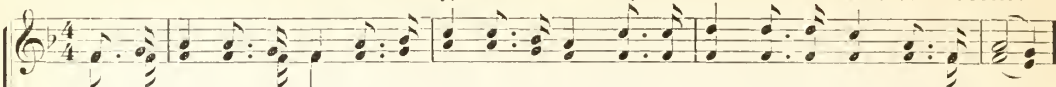


Thou art great, and high, and ho - ly; Oh, how sol - emn we should be!  
 And let noth - ing ev - er please us He would grieve to look up - on.  
 And is writ - ing now the sto - ry Of our thoughts and ac - tions, too.

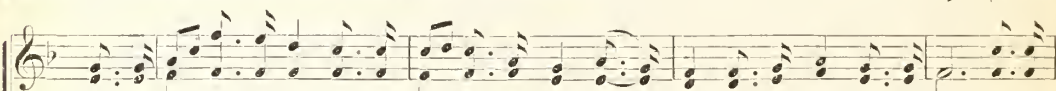
# THE LAND OF OUR GOD.

"A better country, which is an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

Mrs. J. B. FERGUSON.



1. There's a land far a-way 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not the sor-rows of time,  
 2. Oh, our gaze can not soar to that beau-ti-ful land, But our vis-ions have told of its bliss,  
 3. Oh, the stars nev-er tread the blue heavens of night, But we think where the ransomed have trod,



Where the pure waters wander thro' val-leys of gold, And life is a pleasure sublime, 'Tis the  
 And our souls by the gales from its garden are fanned, When we faint in the des-ert of this. And we  
 And the day never dawns from its palace of light, But we feel the bright smile of our God. We are



land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul, Where the a-ges of splendor e-ter-nad-ly roll,  
 sometimes have longed for its ho-ly re-pose, When we're tossed by the tem-pest by trials and woes,  
 jour-ney-ing home thro' dangers and gloom. To a Kingdom where beauties for-ever shall bloom,



# THE LAND OF OUR GOD. Concluded.

89

And the way-wea-ry trav-el - er reaches his goal On the ev - er-green mountains of life.  
 And we've drank from the tide of the riv - er that flows From the ev - er-green mountains of life.  
 And our guide to its glo-ry shall shine thro' the tomb, From the ev - er-green mountains of life.

## COME, YE SINNERS.

"To you is the word of this salvation sent."--ACTS 13: 26.

**Fine. CHORUS.**

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }  
 Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r, } Turn to the Lord, and

D. C. Glo-ry, hon-or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

**D. C.**

seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;

- 2 Now, ye needy, come, and welcome,  
 God's free bounty glorify;  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings you nigh.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
 All the fitness he requireth,  
 Is to feel your need of him.

# CANAAN'S LAND.

"Having a desire to depart and be with Christ."—PHIL. 1 : 23.

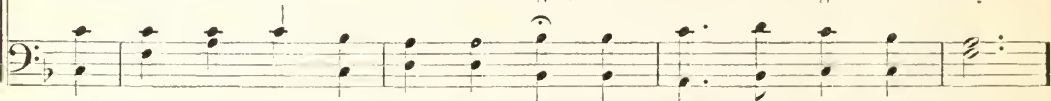
W. A. OGDEN.



1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye  
2. Oh, the trans - port - ing, rapt - rous scene, That ris - es to my sight!  
3. O'er all those wide, ex - tend - ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day;



To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.  
Sweet fields ar - rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.  
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And seat - ters night a - way.



Where my pos - ses - sions lie, . . . Where my pos - ses - sions lie,  
And riv - ers of de - light, . . . And riv - ers of de - light,  
And seat - ters night a - way, . . . And seat - ters night a - way,



my pos - ses - sions lie,  
riv - ers of de - light,  
seat - ters night a - way.

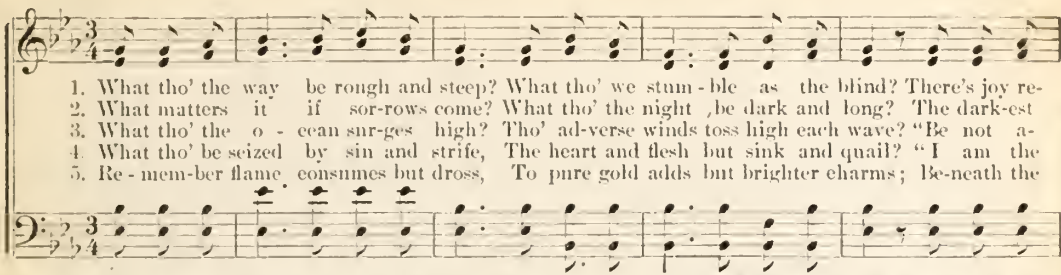
# THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

91

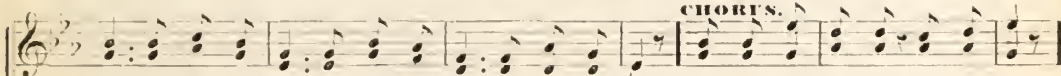
C. H. P.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUT. 33: 27.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

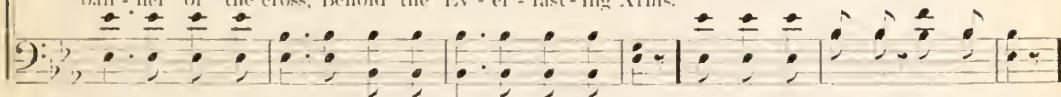
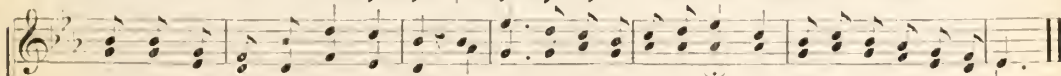


1. What tho' the way be rough and steep? What tho' we stum-ble as the blind? There's joy re-  
 2. What matters it if sor-rows come? What tho' the night be dark and long? The dark-est  
 3. What tho' the o - cean sur-ges high? Tho' ad-verse winds toss high each wave? "Be not a-  
 4. What tho' be seized by sin and strife, The heart and flesh but sink and quail? "I am the  
 5. Re - mem-ber flame consumes but dross, To pure gold adds but brighter charms; Be-neath the

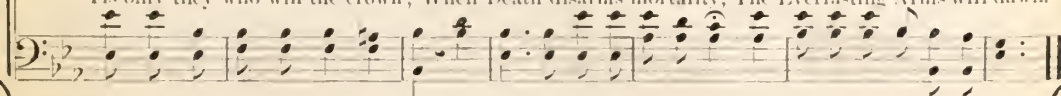


CHORUS.

served for those who weep, The Ever-last-ing Arms are kind,  
 cloud but hides the sun, The Ev - er - last-ing Arms are strong. In life's firm con-flict faith-ful be,  
 afraid," 'tis on - ly I, The Ev - er - last-ing Arms, can save,  
 way, the truth, the life," The Ev - er - last-ing Arms ne'er fail.  
 ban - ner of the cross, Behold the Ev - er - last-ing Arms.

'Tis only they who win the crown; When Death disarms mortality, The Everlasting Arms will dawn.





# KNOWING HE LOVETH ME.

FRANK HOWARD. "Unto Him that loved us be glory and dominion for ever and ever."—REV. 1: 5, 6. FRANK HOWARD.

1. In my Sav - ior con - fid - ing, Through life's chan - ges I move,  
 2. Meek - ly, pa - tient - ly bear - ing Ev - ery sor - row and loss,  
 3. Oh, what joy to be near him, Sweet his prom - i - ses given,

Trust - ing, shar - ing, a - bid - ing In his won - der - ful love;  
 Still con - tent - ed - ly wear - ing, What - so - ev - er my cross;  
 I may see him and hear him, I may meet him in heaven;

Trust - ing, ev - er be - liev - ing That his face I shall see,  
 Read - y, cheer - ful, and will - ing Shall my heart ev - er  
 There to dwell with his cho - sen, There my loved ones to see,

# KNOWING HE LOVETH ME. Concluded.

93

Thus sweet com - fort re - ceiv - ing, Know - ing he lov - eth me.  
Ho - ly pre - cepts ful - fill - ing, Know - ing he lov - eth me.  
Peace for aye on his bos - om, Know - ing he lov - eth me.

## FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

1. ( From Zi-on's sa - cred mountain, see The liv - ing wa - ters glide;  
( Fly to that fountain, fly with me, And plunge beneath its tide.  
2. ('Twill cleanse the heart from every sin, And pu - ri - fy the soul;  
( Yes, Je - sus' blood will keep it clean, And make the sin - ner whole.  
3. (" Ho! ev - ery one," the prophet cries, For ev - ery one there's room;  
( " Ho! ev - ery one," my soul re - plies, Now to the fountain come.

### REFRAIN.

Fly (fly) to the fountain, Fountain of life so free - ly flow - ing; Flowing for you and me.

## GLAD MESSAGE.

W. A. O.

"To-day if ye hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—HEB. 3: 15.

Arr'd by W. A. O.

## DUET.



1. Hark, 'tis the voice of the Sav - ior, Wan - der - er, call - ing for thee, . . .  
 2. Lin - ger no long - er in sor - row, Fal - ter no more by the way, . . .



- Hear the glad message of mer - cy, Wea - ry one, come un - to me; . . .  
 Come, for the feast is now read - y, Why will ye long - er de - lay? . . .



# GLAD MESSAGE. Continued.

95

First system of musical notation. It consists of a treble staff and a bass staff, both in 2/4 time and B-flat major. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

Come to the fount-ain of bless - ing,      Come to the feast of our King, . . .  
 Come, the dear Sav-ior will meet      you,      Come, he will welcome thee there; . . .

Second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The treble staff has lyrics underneath. The bass staff includes a section marked 'S.V.' (Solo Violoncello).

Par - don and peace he has of - fered,      Hear the glad message we bring. . . .  
 Come to the feast of sal - va - tion,      You his rich blessing may share. . . .

S.V.

## GLAD MESSAGE. Concluded.

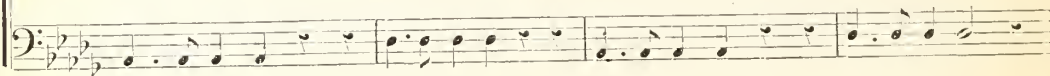
## CHORUS.



Wea - ry one, come, wea - ry one, come, Je - sus in - vites, Je - sus in-vites.  
 Wea - ry one, come, 'tis the Sav - ior in-vites you.



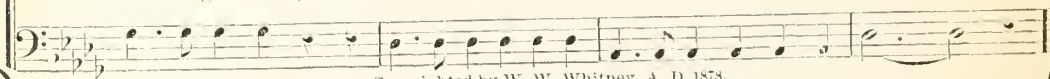
Wea - ry one, come, wea - ry one, come, Je - sus in - vites you, oh, Je - sus in-vites.



Hear his glad voice, hear his glad voice. Heavy la - den and wea - ry one, come.  
 Hear his glad voice, Heavy la - den, come.



Hear his glad voice, hear his glad voice. Heavy la - den and wea - ry one, come.





# ONLY JUST ACROSS THE RIVER.

97

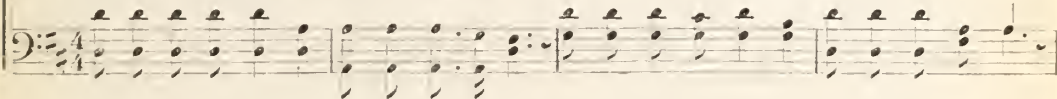
W. R. SCOTT.

"On the other side."—JOSH. 20: 8.

W. R. SCOTT.



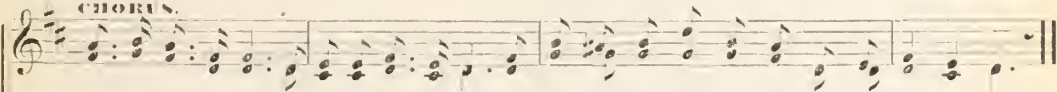
1. On - ly just a - cross the River bright and clear Dwell the white-robed angels, And our loved ones dear;
2. On - ly just a - cross this Gloomy vale below, We are ev - er marching On - ward to and fro;
3. On - ly just a - while to Bear oppression's load, Soon we'll rest with - in the Cit - y of our God;



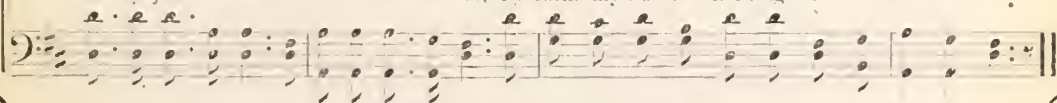
On the oth - er side they're Resting hap - py now, With no cloud of sor - row Falling on their brow.  
Trust - ing in the Sav - ior, We shall rest se - cure, For his bless - ed prom - ise Ev - er shall en - dure.  
There we'll see the fa - ces We have known of yore, Bright, immor - tal fa - ces, On the oth - er shore.



## CHORUS.



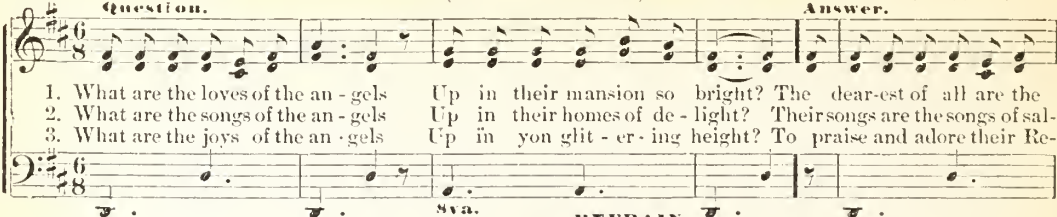
On - ly just across the riv - er I can see, By faith my Sav - ior holding out a crown for me.



## WHAT ARE THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS?

MRS. S. ANNA GORDON.  
Question.

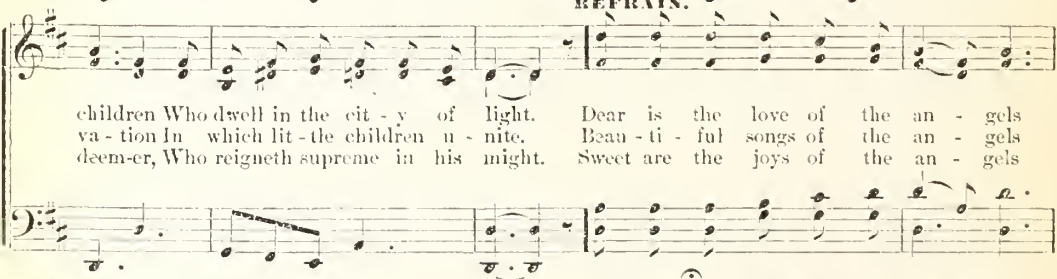
(FOR INFANT CLASS.)

W. A. OGDEN.  
Answer.


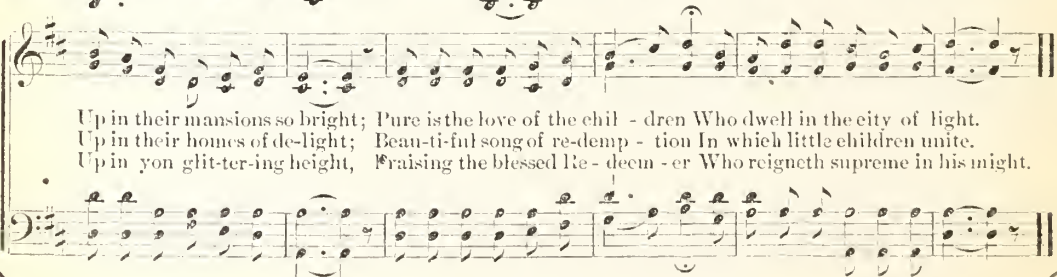
1. What are the loves of the an - gels Up in their mansion so bright? The dear-est of all are the  
 2. What are the songs of the an - gels Up in their homes of de - light? Their songs are the songs of sal -  
 3. What are the joys of the an - gels Up in yon glit - er - ing height? To praise and adore their Re -

sva.

## REFRAIN.



children Who dwell in the cit - y of light. Dear is the love of the an - gels  
 va - tion In which lit - the children u - nite. Beau - ti - ful songs of the an - gels  
 deem - er, Who reigneth supreme in his might. Sweet are the joys of the an - gels



Up in their mansions so bright; Pure is the love of the chil - dren Who dwell in the city of light.  
 Up in their homes of de - light; Beau - ti - ful song of re - demp - tion In which little children unite.  
 Up in yon glit - ter - ing height, Praising the blessed Re - deem - er Who reigneth supreme in his might.

# REST IN HEAVEN.

99

This beautiful spiritual was furnished by REV. H. J. MECK, of the Northern Ind. Con. M. E. Church.



1. How oft - en am I wea - ry,  
2. What then of trib - u - la - tion?  
3. Then wel - come death and mourn - ing,  
4. There shall my hap - py spir - it

How oft - en sad and drear - y,  
What then of sore temp - ta - tion?  
I see the night ap - proach - ing;  
Sing of my Sav - ior's mer - it,



What then but this can cheer me? I soon shall rest in heav'n.  
Be this my con - so - la - tion, I soon shall rest in heav'n.  
Joy com - eth in the morn - ing, The day of rest in heav'n.  
Who brought me to in - her - it, The rest of saints in heav'n.

## CHORUS.



When this poor bod - y lies mold - ering in the tomb, When soft winds gent - ly sigh



O'er its qui - et home, When strange sweet flowers in beau - ty o'er it bloom, I shall rest in heav'n.

## WASHED AND REDEEMED.

W. A. OGDEN.

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—ACTS 4: 12.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Washed and re-deemed, oh, won-der - ful thought, By a dear Sav - ior's blood was bought ;  
 2. Washed and re-deemed, oh, glo - ry to know, Tho' a poor pil - grim here be - low,  
 3. Heav - en re - peat the won-der - ful strain, Ech - o it back, oh, tongues of men,

Death on the cross he suf-fered for me, Now un - to Him shall glo - ry be.  
 I shall as - cend to heav-en on high, Be like my Sav - ior by and by.  
 Till the whole world his glo - ry shall see, Cry - ing in rapt - ure glo - ry be.

**CHORUS.**  
 Glo-ry to God, oh, glo-ry for-ev - er, Be un-to Him who slumbereth nev - er;  
 Glo-ry to God, oh, glo-ry for-ev - er, Be un-to Him who slumbereth nev -

# WASHED AND REDEEMED. Concluded.

101

Who by his love hath made me free, Now un-to Him shall glo-ry be,  
 or; Who by his love hath made me free, Now un-to Him shall glo-ry be.

## WAITING AT THE CROSS.

ELLA CHURCH.

"Lord, to whom shall I turn."—JOHN. 6: 68.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. Je - sus, I am wait-ing now, Wea-ry, worn, and weak; At the cross I'm bending low,  
 2. Long I've wandered far from thee, In the paths of sin; Let my sor-row plead for me,  
 3. Chase my heart's unrest a - way, Bid its troubling cease; Let me feel thy love to - day,

*D. S. Speak the bless-ed words to me,*

**Fine. CHORUS.**

**D. S.**

Peace and rest I seek.  
 Je - sus, take me in. Je - sus, I am wait-ing now, Long-ing to be blest.  
 Give me thy sweet peace.

"Come, I'll give thee rest."



## REMEMBER OUR BLESSED REDEEMER.

A. B. WOOLVERTON.

"A name which is above every name."—PHIL. 2: 9.

A. B. WOOLVERTON.

1. Re - mem - ber our bless - ed Re - deem - er, 'Tis he who can save us from sin;  
 2. Sing an - thems of joy to his glo - ry, While trav'ling o'er life's ring - ged way;  
 3. Re - mem - ber the pre - cepts of good - ness, The les - sons of life we have heard;

Oh, praise him be - cause of his good - ness, In mak - ing us pur - er with - in.  
 And wel - come the light of his mer - cy, That guides us by night and by day.  
 And ear - nest - ly gath - er the treas - ures We read in his won - der - ful word.

Re - mem - ber his kind - ness to - wards us, In teach - ing us how to be - lieve,  
 Fall lov - ing - ly down at his foot - stool, And wor - ship him lov - ing and true,  
 Be con - stant and true to the Sav - ior, Who kind - ly his love doth be - stow,

# REMEMBER OUR BLESSED REDEEMER. Concluded. 103

And ev - er be du - ti - ful chil - dren, And such as he'll glad - ly re - ceive.  
 And ev - er be found in his serv - ice, All read - y and will - ing to do.  
 And he will re - ward us in heav - en When done with our la - bors be - low.

## HARK, THE VOICE.

"Come, for all things are ready."—LUKE 14: 17.

German.

1. Hark, the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds aloud from Calva - ry, See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der,  
 2. It is finished! oh, what pleasure Do these precious words afford, Heav'nly blessings, without measure,  
 3. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs, Join to sing the pleasing theme, All on earth, and all in heav - en,  
 D. C. It is fin - ished, it is fin - ished, Hear the dy - ing Sav - ior cry.  
 D. C. It is fin - ished, it is fin - ished, Saints the dy - ing words re - cord.  
 D. C. It is fin - ished, it is fin - ished, Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb.

Shakes the earth, and veils the sky; It is finished, it is finished, Hear the dy - ing Sav - ior cry;  
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord; It is finished, it is finished, Saints the dy - ing words re - cord;  
 Join to praise Immanuel's name; It is finished, it is finished, Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb;

## COME, COME TO-DAY.

J. A. PORTER.

"Now is the day of salvation."—2 COR. 6: 2.

C. M. WYMAN.

*Andante.*

1. God's prom - is - es are all to - day, Still there is room; Then come and  
 2. Je - sus has prom - ised good to those, Oh, why de - lay, Who on his  
 3. Oh, do not long - er stay be - hind; Come while you may; God calls, oh,

long - er not de - lay, Come, sin - ner, come. Though sick and fainting on the road,  
 word their cause re - pose, Come, come to - day. Come and ac - cept his proffered love,  
 treat him not un-kind. Turn, turn to - day. Now to your lov - ing Sav - ior come,

The Lord will bear your heavy load, Come, seek that ev - er blest a-bode, Come, sin - ner, come.  
 Come and his roy - al goodness prove, Pre - pare to dwell with him above, Do not de - lay.  
 Mer - cy in - vites, no long - er roam, Turn ye and seek that blessed home, Come, come to - day.

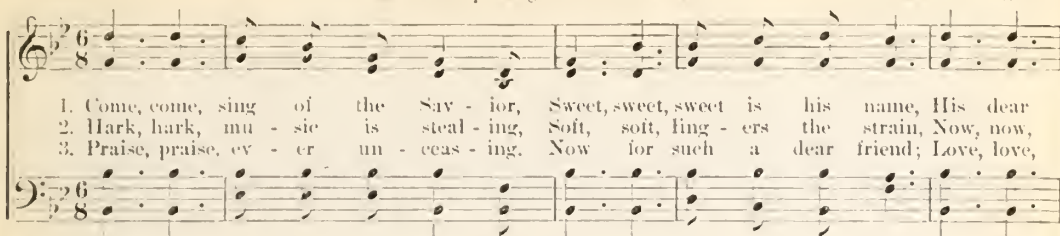
# COME, SING OF THE SAVIOR.

105

Words arr'd.

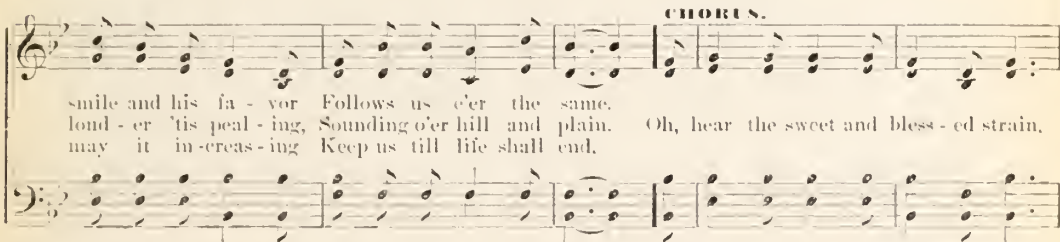
"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me."—Ps. 50: 23.

W. NELSON BURRITT.

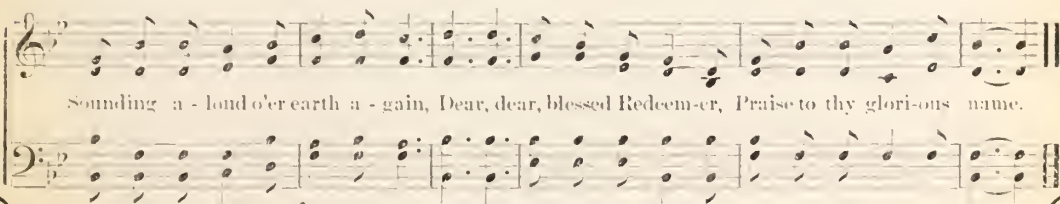


1. Come, come, sing of the Sav - ior, Sweet, sweet, sweet is his name, His dear  
 2. Hark, hark, mu - sic is steal - ing, Soft, soft, ling - ers the strain, Now, now,  
 3. Praise, praise, ev - er un - ceas - ing. Now for such a dear friend; Love, love,

**CHORUS.**



smile and his fa - vor Follows us e'er the same.  
 loud - er 'tis peal - ing, Sounding o'er hill and plain. Oh, hear the sweet and bless - ed strain,  
 may it in - ceas - ing Keep us till life shall end.



Sounding a - loud o'er earth a - gain, Dear, dear, blessed Redeem - er, Praise to thy glori - ous name.

## LO! THE ROYAL HARVEST.

MAY E. KAIL.

"The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."—MATT. 9: 37.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. Lo! the Roy-al Har-vest rip-ens, But the la-bor-ers are few; Why shall we stand i-dly  
 2. Do not pass a fall-en brother With a haughty step a-side, But with gen-tle words of  
 3. When the harvest time is end-ed, And the length'n-ing shadows come, And we hear the joy-ful

wait-ing, With so great a work to do? I-dly wait-ing in the vineyard, In the vineyard  
 kindness Lead him to the Cru-ci-fied; To the ern-ci-fied Redeem-er, Hiding-place in  
 wel-come, "En-ter in, thy work is done!" We shall meet within the por-tal, Our beloved ones

of the Lord; Can we not be-lieve the prom-ise Found with-in his ho-ly word?  
 our dis-tress; Who with tears of love and pit-y Waits to com-fort and to bless.  
 gone be-fore, Who'll re-joice with songs of glad-ness When we reach the oth-er shore.



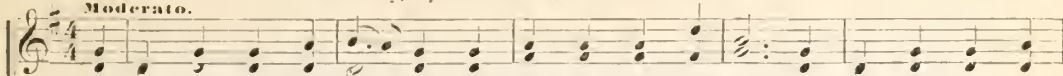
# SEEKING THE LOST SHEEP.

107

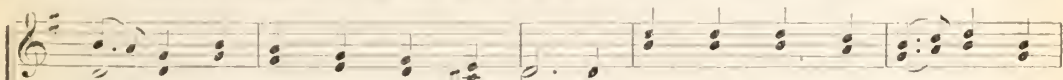
"To-day, if ye will hear his voice."—HEB. 3: 15.

DR. I. F. MCCORMICK.

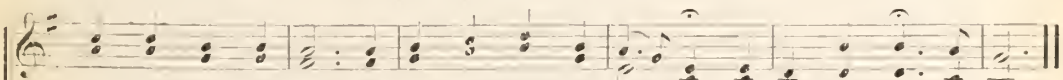
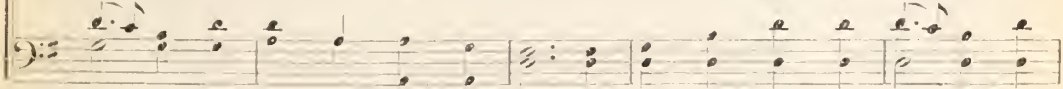
*Moderato.*



1. How ma - ny sheep are stray - ing, Lost from the Sav - ior's fold; Up on the lone - ly
2. Oh, who will go to find them, Who for the Sav - ior's sake Will search with tire - less
3. Oh, will you seek to find them, From pleas - ant bowers of ease? Will you go forth de -



mount - ains, They shiv - er from the cold; With - in the tan - gled thick - et, Where  
pa - tience, Thro' bri - er and thro' brake? Un - heed - ing thirst and hun - ger, Who  
ter - mined To find the least of these? For still the Sav - ior calls them, And



poi - son vines do creep, And o - ver rock - y led - ges, Wan - der the poor lost sheep,  
still from day to day Will seek as for a treas - ure, The sheep that go a - stray?  
looks a - cross the world, And still he holds wide o - pen The door in - to his fold.



## CROWN AND THRONE.

DR. BONAR

"I will give thee a crown of life."—REV. 2:10.

DR. M. J. MUNGER.

1. These are the crowns that we shall wear When all the saints are crowned;  
 2. These are the robes un-soiled and white, Which we shall then put on,  
 3. That is the cit - y of the saints, Where we so soon shall stand;  
 4. Then wel - come toil and care and pain, And wel - come sor - row, too;

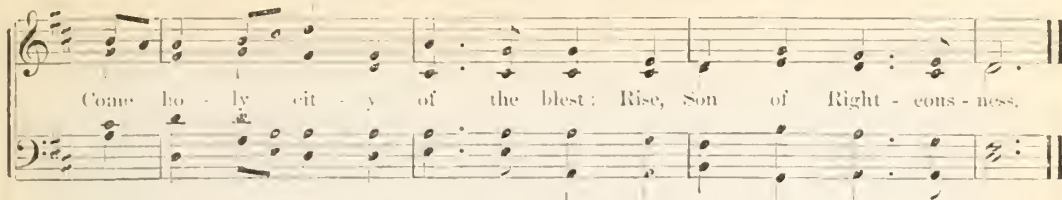
These are the palms that we shall bear On yon - der ho - ly ground.  
 When fore - most among the sons of light We sit on yon - der throne.  
 When we shall strike these des - ert tents, And quit this des - ert land.  
 All toil is rest, all grief is gain With such a prize in view.

## CHORUS.

Cres. . . . .  
 Come, crown and throne, come, robe and palm, Burst forth glad stream of peace;

# CROWN AND THRONE. Concluded.

109



Come ho - ly cit - y of the blest: Rise, Son of Right - eous - ness.

## COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

There I will meet with thee and commune 'Til Ex. 56. 22.

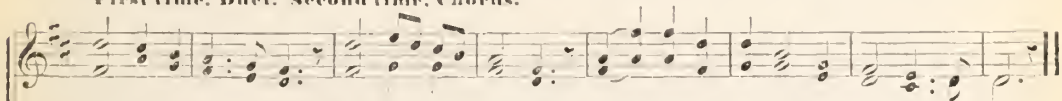
S. WEBBE.

**DUET.**

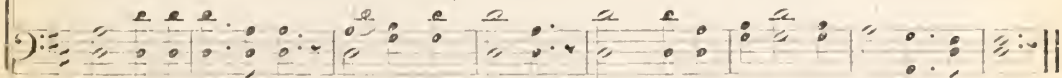


1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, Wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the mercy seat, Fer - vent - ly kneel,
2. Joy of the des - o - late, Light of the stray - ing, Hope of the peni - tent, Fadeless and pure;
3. Here see the bread of life, See waters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, Pure from above;

**First time, Duet. Second time, Chorus.**



Here bring your wounded hearts, Here tell your anguish, Earth has no sor - row That heav'n can not heal.  
 Here speaks the Comforter, Ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row That heav'n can not cure.  
 Come to the feast of love, Come, ever knowing Earth has no sor - row But heav'n can remove.



## OUR DEAR ONES GONE BEFORE.

MRS. S. ANNA GORDON.

"Before the presence of his glory."—JUDE 24.

W. A. OGDEN.

*Moderato.*

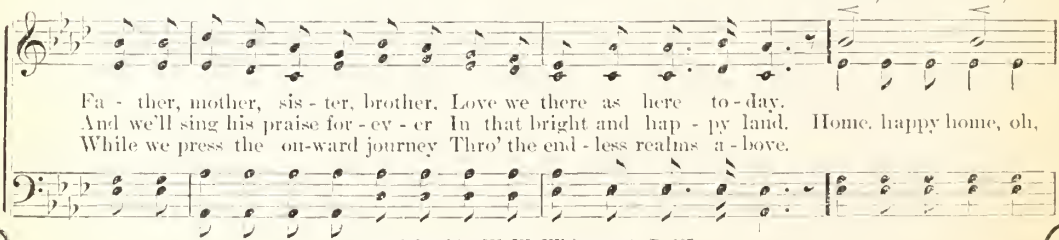
1. We will gath-er them around us, Up-on heaven's blissful shore, The friends of youth and childhood,
2. And when at "the feast of angels," We shall hear the joyous song, In the house of ma-ny mansions,
3. There we'll reap the golden har-vest Of each sorrow, pain, and care, That have fraught our earthly pilgrim-



Who have journeyed on be-fore; In our loved home in heaven, When we pass from earth a-way,  
Where the guests of heaven throng; In our sweet home in heaven, We will join the cho-ral band,  
age With grief that mortals share; There our lessons be of wisdom, And our la-bor be of love,

**REFRAIN.**

Home, home,

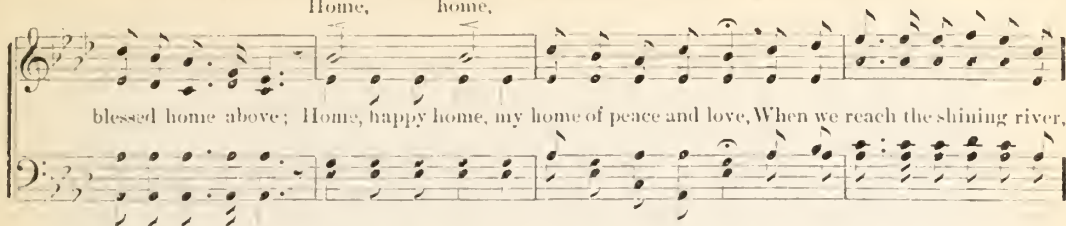


Fa-ther, mother, sis-ter, brother, Love we there as here to-day.  
And we'll sing his praise for-ev-er In that bright and hap-py land. Home, happy home, oh,  
While we press the on-ward journey Thro' the end-less realms a-bove.

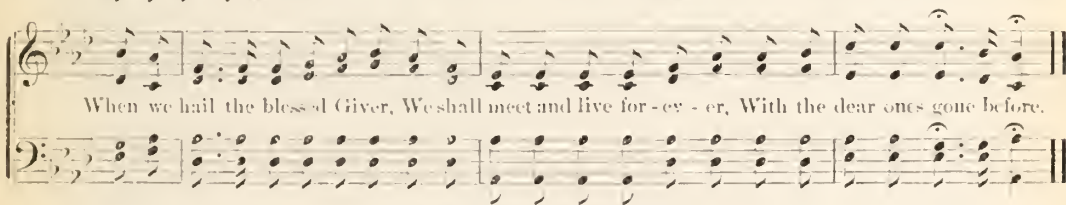
# OUR DEAR ONES GONE BEFORE. Concluded.

111

Home, home,

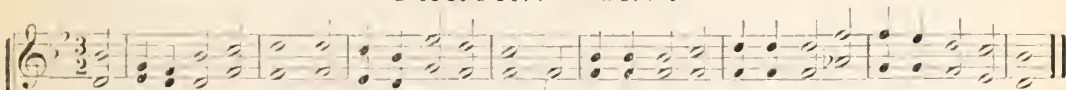


blessed home above; Home, happy home, my home of peace and love, When we reach the shining river,



When we hail the bless'd Giver, We shall meet and live for-ev-er, With the dear ones gone before.

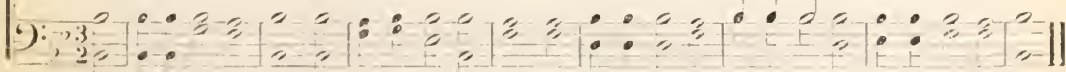
## PARTING SONG.



1. Once more before we part, Oh, bless the Savior's name, Let every tongue and every heart Adore and praise the Lamb.
2. Still on thy holy word, We'll live and feed and grow, And still go on to know the Lord, And practice what we know.

*Doxology*

Give to the FATHER praise, Give glo-ry to the SON, And to the Spirit of all grace Be equal honor done.



° All arise and sing the Doxology, after which to close the school, the Benediction will be pronounced, or the Lord's Prayer recited.



## BUSY LITTLE GLEANERS.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

"The harvest truly is plenteous."—MATT. 9: 37.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Gather - ing in the ear - ly dawn, Gath - er - ing when the night comes on, Yon - der in the  
 2. Gather - ing in the ear - ly dawn, Gath - er - ing when the night comes on, Yon - der in the  
 3. Gather - ing in the ear - ly dawn, Gath - er - ing when the night comes on, Yon - der in the  
 4. Gather - ing in the ear - ly dawn, Gath - er - ing when the night comes on, Yon - der in the

rip - ened fields, Hun - dred fold the har - vest yields, The gold - en grain is gath - ered in The  
 rip - ened fields, Hun - dred fold the har - vest yields, Out in the high - ways where you go, To  
 rip - ened fields, Hun - dred fold the har - vest yields; Why i - dly stand, why long - er wait? Make  
 rip - ened fields, Hun - dred fold the har - vest yields, A - mid the glow of au - tumn leaves, We

sheaves of good from fields of sin, By bus - y lit - tle glean - ers, By bus - y lit - tle glean - ers.  
 sow or reap there's work to do For bus - y lit - tle glean - ers, For bus - y lit - tle glean - ers.  
 haste, the day is grow - ing late For bus - y lit - tle glean - ers, For bus - y lit - tle glean - ers.  
 carry home our golden sheaves, Such happy lit - tle glean - ers, Such happy lit - tle glean - ers.

# MY JESUS. 'TIS NOW.

113

"To him be glory and dominion."—REV. 1: 6.

J. A. ERWIN.

**Spirited.**

1. My Je - sus, I love thee; I know thou art mine; For thee all the  
 2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my  
 3. I'll love thee in life, and I'll love thee in death, And praise thee as  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - ly of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the  
 long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death dew lies  
 dore thee in yon realms of light; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - ior art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 thorns on thy brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 thick on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

# HOLY SPIRIT, EVER BLEST.

Mrs. KATE S. BURR.

"He shall give thee another Comforter."—JOHN 14 : 16.

DR. M. J. MUNGER.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, ev - er blest, All our way il - lume;  
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, ev - er guide O - ver life's rough sea;  
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, ev - er shine Thro' this world of woe;

Dwell with us a con - stant guest, Make our hearts thy home.  
 May we all its storms out - ride, Ev - er kept by thee.  
 With thy beams of light di - vine, Bright - en all be - low.

Take a - way our un - be - lief, Calm our fears, and soothe our grief;  
 Be our wis - dom to di - rect, Be our might, thine own pro - tect;  
 Rise, O Son of Right - eous - ness, All the world to cheer and bless;

# HOLY SPIRIT, EVER BLEST. Concluded.

115

Send our bur - dened souls re - lief, To our res - cene come.  
 May our life thy grace re - fleet, From all sin set free.  
 Where thou art is joy and peace, Light and life be - stow.

## NATIONAL HYMN. (America.)

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
 2. My na - tive coun - try thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal  
 4. Our fa - ther's God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev - ery mountain side, Let free - dom ring.  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.  
 tongue a - wake, Let all that breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by thy night, Great God our King.

## I AM WITH YOU EVERMORE. (Easter.)

FRANK HOWARD

"He is not here—he is risen."—MATT. 28: 6.

FRANK HOWARD.

1. Al - le - lu - jah! Sing to Je - sus, His the scep - ter, his the crown!  
 2. Al - le - lu - jah! Not as or - phans Are we left in sor - row now;  
 3. Al - le - lu - jah! Bread of an - gels, Thou on earth our food, our stay;

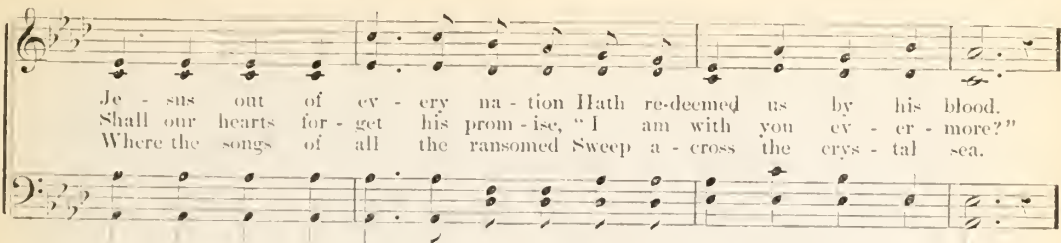
Al - le - lu - jah! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone.  
 Al - le - lu - jah! He is near us, Faith be - lieves nor ques - tions how.  
 Al - le - lu - jah! Here the sin - ful Flee to thee from day to day.

Oh, hark the songs of peace - ful Zi - on Thun - der like a might - y flood!  
 Al - though the clouds from sight re - ceived him, When the for - ty days were o'er;  
 Our In - ter - ces - sor, Friend of sin - ners, Earth's Re - deem - er, plead for me;



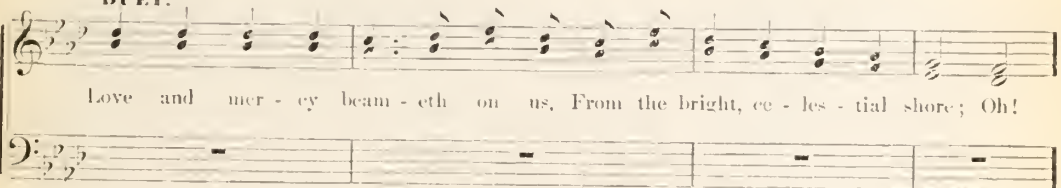
# I AM WITH YOU EVERMORE. Concluded.

117



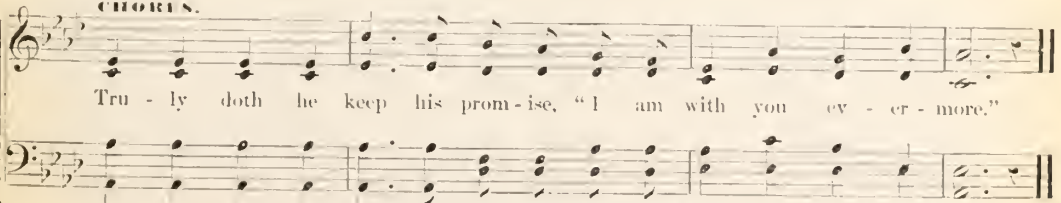
Je - sus out of ev - ery na - tion Hath re-deemed us by his blood.  
 Shall our hearts for - get his prom - ise, "I am with you ev - er - more?"  
 Where the songs of all the ransomed Sweep a - cross the crys - tal sea.

## DUET.



Love and mer - cy beam - eth on us, From the bright, ce - les - tial shore; Oh!

## CHORUS.



Tru - ly doth he keep his prom - ise, "I am with you ev - er - more."

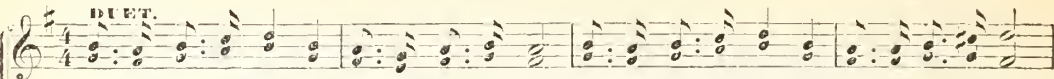
## GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS.

EDEN R. LAYTA.

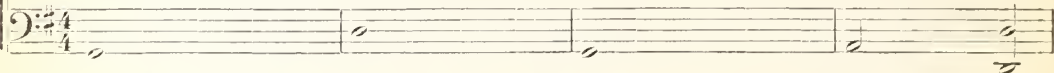
"There remaineth a rest."—HEB. 4: 9.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

DUET.



1. Gather up the fragments Scattered here and there, Wrecks of broken spirits Ov - ercome by care;  
 2. Gather up the fragments, All that ye can find, Fragments, oh, how many And of ev - 'ry kind;  
 3. Gather up the fragments Scattered thro' the land, Gather them to-ge-th - er With a gen - tle hand;



Pit - y - ing, behold them, Tho' they make no plea, La - bor to re - store them Whereso'er they be.  
 Blighted hopes and fortunes Strewn a-long the way, Sor - row - ful re - mind us Of a bet - ter day.  
 Gath - er up the longings Of the famished souls, Hearts are sad and broken, Strive to make them whole.



CHORUS.

DUET.

CHORUS.



Gath - er up the fragments, Gather up the fragments, Gather up the fragments Scattered tho' they be.



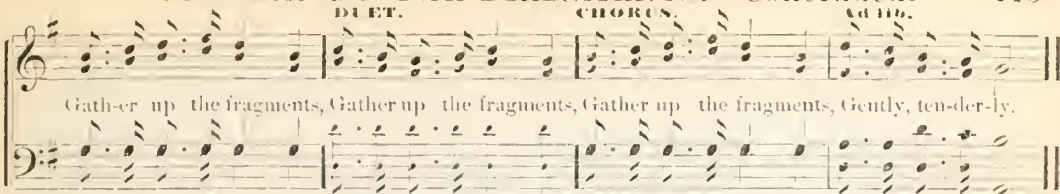
# GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS. Concluded.

119

DUET.

CHORUS.

Ad lib.



Gath-er up the frag-ments, Gather up the frag-ments, Gather up the frag-ments, Gently, ten-der-ly.

## NO SORROW THERE.

"For the Lord thy God is with thee." — Josh. 1: 9.



1. Oh, sing to me of heaven When I am called to die; Sing  
2. Then to my rapt-ured soul Let one sweet song be giv'n; Let  
3. Then round my sense-less clay As-sem-ble those I love, And

D. C. There'll be no sor-row there, There'll be no sor-row there, In D. C.



songs of ho-ly ec-sta-sy To waft my soul on high.  
mu-sic cheer me last on earth And greet me first in heav'n  
sing of heav'n, de-light-ful heav'n, My glo-rious home a bove.

heaven a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

## THEY'RE COMING HOME.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."—PHIL. 1: 23.

J. B. FERGUSON.

1. The day has come, the joy - ful day, At length the day has come, When saints and an - gels  
 2. How beau - ti - ful on mountain top, The her - ald's feet ap - pear, While tid - ings, bless - ed  
 3. Pleased with the news the saints be - low, In songs their tongues em - ploy, Be - yond the skies the

## CHORUS.

joy dis - play, O'er sin - ners com - ing home,  
 tid - ings drop, The bro - ken heart to cheer. They're coming home, they're coming home, Be -  
 tid - ings go, And heav'n is filled with joy.

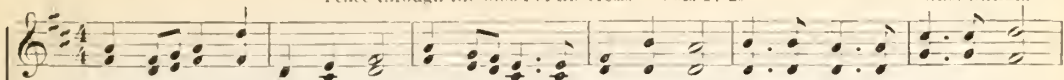
hold them com - ing home; The saints and an - gels joy dis - play O'er sin - ners com - ing home.

# THINE FOREVER.

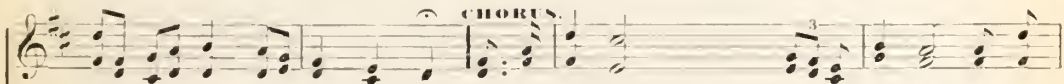
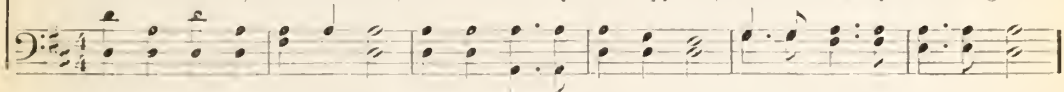
121

"Peace through the blood of his cross."—COL. 1: 20

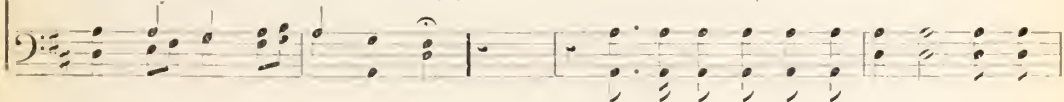
GEO. BAKER.



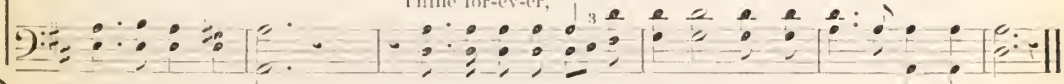
1. Thine for-ev - er, Lord of life, Shield us thro' our earthly strife; Thou the life, the truth, the way,
2. Thine for-ev - er, oh, how blest, They who find in thee their rest; Sav-ior, Guardian, heav'nly Friend,
3. Thine for-ev - er, thou our Guide, All our wants by thee supplied; All our sins by thee for-given,



Guide us to the realms of day. Thine for-ev - er, Thine for-ev - er, Pre-cious  
 Oh, de-fend us to the end.  
 Led by thee from earth to heaven. Thine for-ev - er,



Sav-ior, may we be Thine for-ev - er, Thine for-ev - er, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Thine for-ev - er,





## THE WAITING TIME.

"The Lord shall give thee rest."—ISA. 14: 3.

J. B. FERGUSON.

Ad lib.

1. There are days of deep-est sor-row In the sea-son of our life, There are wild des-pair-ing  
 2. Youth and love are oft im-pa-tient, Seeking things beyond their reach, And the heart grows sick with  
 3. Yet at last we learn the les-son That God knoweth what is best, And a si-lent res-ig-

moments, There are hours of deep-est strife, There are hours of storm-y an-guish When the  
 hop-ing Ere it learns what life can teach, For be-fore the fruit is gath-ered We must  
 na-tion Makes the spir-it calm and blest, For, perchance, a day is com-ing For the

tears re-fuse to fall, But the wait-ing time, my broth-er, Is the hard-est time of all.  
 see the blossom fall; And the wait-ing time, my broth-er, Is the hard-est time of all.  
 chang-es of our fate, When our hearts will thank him meek-ly That he taught us how to wait.

# COME HOME, PRODIGAL.

123

"For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found: and they began to be merry."—LUKE 15: 24.

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.

## CHORUS.

D. C. 1. *Come home, Prodigal Son! Oh, hear thy Sav - ior's voice en-treat - ing, Come home, Prod - i - gal Son!*  
 2. *Come home, Prodigal Son! Oh, hear thy Sav - ior's voice en-treat-ing, Come home, Prod-i - gal Son!*  
 3. *Come home, Prodigal Son! Oh, hear thy Sav - ior's voice en-treat-ing, Come home, Prod-i - gal Son!*

## Fine.

*Thy Fa - ther call - eth thee. For thou hast wan - dered far a - way, And spurned his love from*  
*Thy Fa - ther call - eth thee. A robe of righteousness thou'lt wear, A heaven of love and*  
*Thy Fa - ther call - eth thee. There's joy a - mid the heav - en - ly train, My son was dead but*

*day to day. Oh, list - en to his voice, I pray, He's call - ing now for thee.*  
*bliss thou'lt share, And dwell with Christ for - ev - er there; Oh, hear his voice to - day.*  
*lives a - gain; Oh, hal - le - lu - jah be the strain We of - fer un - to thee!*

## A MANSION ALL BRIGHT.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN 14: 3.

ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

1. Oh, when shall I dwell in a man - sion all bright, And Je - sus, my  
2. No pearl from the o - cean, or gold from the mine, Can par - don or  
3. Though light are the sor - rows that bur - den a child, And gen - tle the  
4. But while I'm a stran - ger a - way from my home, I'll toil in the

Sav - ior,      be - hold?      Or      walk      by his      side      like an  
pur - i -      ty buy;      I'll      trust      in the      blood      of a  
tem - pest      of      woe;      I      look      for the      land      which was  
vine - yard      and      pray;      I'll      ear - ry the      cross,      while I

# A MANSION ALL BRIGHT. Continued.

125



an - gel of light, . . In a cit - y all gar - nished with gold?  
 Sav - ior di - vine, . . And I'll cling . . to the cross . . till I die.  
 nev - er de - filed, . . To the home . . of the blest . . would I go.  
 think . . of the crown, . . And I'll watch . . till the break . . of the day.

## CHORUS.



Home, home of the blest, Home, home of the blest,  
 Home of the blest, . . . Home of the blest, . . .  
 Home, home of the blest, Home, home of the blest,

## A MANSION ALL BRIGHT. Concluded.

When wilt thou ev - er be mine? Beau - ti - ful home of the blest,  
 When . . wilt thou ev - er be mine? Home of the blest, . . .

When wilt thou ev - er be mine? Beau - ti - ful home of the blest,

The first system of the musical score for 'A Mansion All Bright'. It consists of three staves: a top staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and two bottom staves with a bass clef and the same key signature. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes and others under rests.

Won - der - ful home of the blest, Soon shalt thou ev - er be mine,  
 Home of the blest, . . . Soon shalt thou ev - er be mine.

Won - der - ful home of the blest, Soon shalt thou ev - er be mine.

The second system of the musical score. It continues with the same three-staff format (treble and two bass staves, one flat key signature, 4/4 time). The lyrics continue, with 'Soon shalt thou ev - er be mine' appearing twice, once under the treble staff and once under the bass staff.



# JOY TO THE WORLD. (Easter.)

127

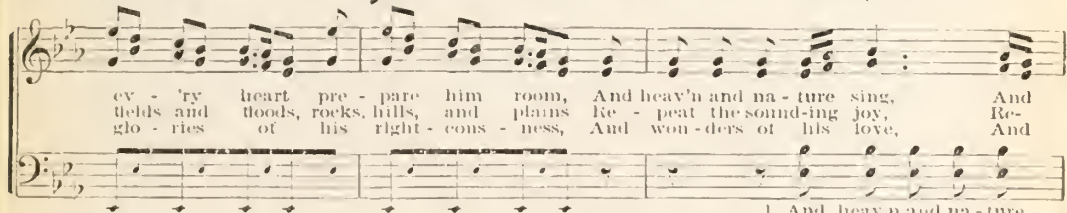
"He is risen,"—MATT. 28: 6.

HANDEL.

**Spirited.**



1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King, Let  
 2. Joy to the world, the Sav-ior reigns! Let men their songs em-ploy, While  
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The



ev-'ry heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And  
 fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-  
 glo-ries of his right-cons-ness, And won-ders of his love, And

1. And heav'n and na-ture
2. Re-peat the sound-ing
3. And won-ders of his



heav'n and na-ture sing, And heaven, and heaven and na-ture sing,  
 peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat, and re-peat the sound-ing joy,  
 won-ders of his love, And won-ders, and won-ders of his love.

sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, etc.  
 joy, Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat, etc.  
 love, And won-ders of his love, And won-ders, etc.

## DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN.

C. H. GABRIEL.

"I will give of the fountain of life freely."—EPIH. 2; 8.

C. H. GULICK, by per.



1. I'm drink - ing at the fount - ain Of Je - sus' pre - cious blood,  
 2. The blood of Je - sus cleans - eth From ev - ry sin and stain,  
 3. Oh, sin - ner, stop and list - en, This fount - ain know ye not,



That flows for all so free - ly, A - bun - dant is the flood;  
 And none can en - ter heav - en 'Less cleansed through Je - sus' name;  
 Was pur - chased by the Sav - ior, Who all his joys for - got;

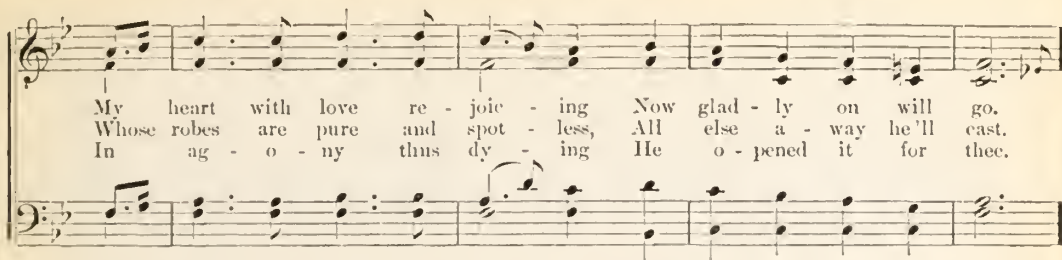


I've wash - ed my stained gar - ments, They're whit - er than the snow,  
 There is a glo - ri - ous man - sion, He'll gath - er those at last,  
 Came down from heav - en's por - tals, Hung on the shame - ful tree,



# DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN. Concluded.

129



My heart with love re-joice-ing Now glad-ly on will go.  
Whose robes are pure and spot-less, All else a-way he'll cast.  
In ag-o-ny thus dy-ing He o-pened it for thee.



The fount - - - ain, the fount - ain,  
**CHORUS.**  
The fount - ain, oh, the fount - ain, The fount - ain of my Sav - ior,



So deep and wide, its crim-son tide, For all it free-ly flows.

## THEY GATHER ON THE SHORE.

E. R. LATTI.

SUITABLE FOR FUNERALS.

C. H. GULICK, by per.

1. They leave the crum-bling sands of time, They cross the o - cean o'er,  
 2. Dis - ci - ples of the Lord be - low Must not the cross put down,  
 3. The saint - ly chil - dren robed in white, Re - deemed by Je - sus' blood,

And where no storm can ev - er beat, They gath - er on the shore;  
 Till Je - sus calls them to him - self, To wear a star - ry crown;  
 With - out a fear ap - proach the wave, And cross the roll - ing flood;

A fa - ther, moth - er, good and kind, A broth - er, sis - ter, dear,  
 But the re - ward of faith is sure, The prize they nev - er miss,  
 Oh, for a child's un - fal - t'ring trust, A life from sin set free,

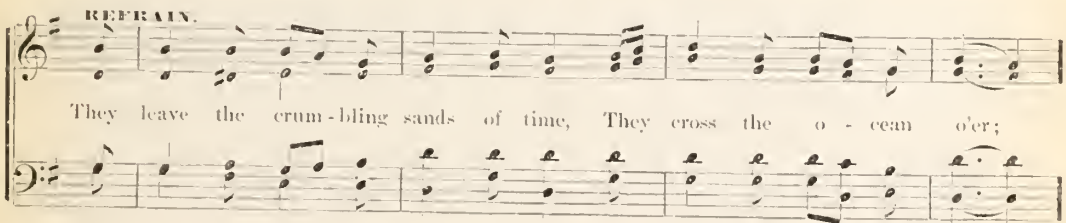
# THEY GATHER ON THE SHORE. Concluded.

131

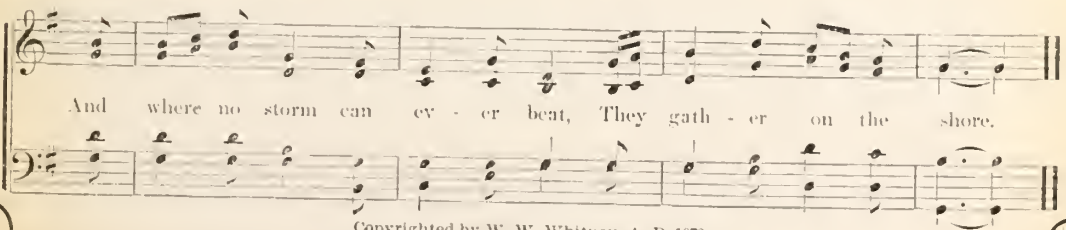


Reach out to us the part - ing hand, And leave us lone - ly here,  
 At death they lay their ar - mor by, And en - ter in - to bliss,  
 Oh, that our clos - ing hours on earth, As full of hope may be,

**REFRAIN.**



They leave the crum - bling sands of time, They cross the o - cean o'er;



And where no storm can ev - er beat, They gath - er on the shore.



## SEE, THE CHURCH OF CHRIST ARISES.

A. SARGENT.

Harmonized by W. A. O.

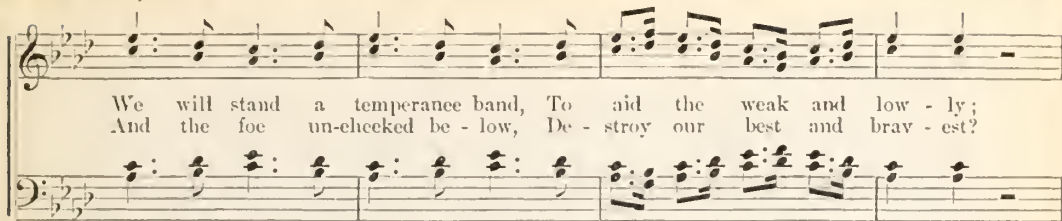
**Spirited.**

1. { See, the Church of Christ a - ris - es, Smile or frown of man de - spis - es,  
 { Lis - ten to the drunk - ard's wail - ing, See his strug - gles un - a - vail - ing,  
 2. { Men of God, your help come lend us, From the scorn and sneer de - fend us,  
 { Help us, pas - tors, help us, teach - ers, Har - vest rich a - waits the reap - ers,

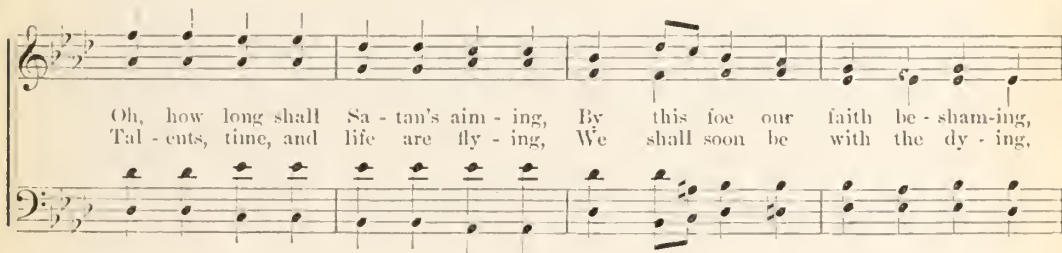
For - ward, is the cry it rais - es, For a great cru - sade; }  
 Now when hu - man help seems fail - ing, Chris - tians, lend your aid. }  
 Lov - ing hearts and prayers, oh, send us, In the great dis - tress; }  
 There's no room for drones and sleep - ers, God the work will bless. }

Join us good and ho - ly, Bet - ter days come slow - ly,  
 Shall the drunk - ard per - ish, While our ease we cher - ish,

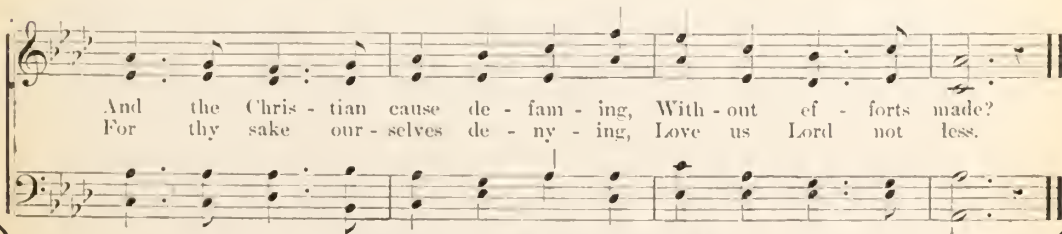
# SEE, THE CHURCH OF CHRIST ARISES. Concluded. 133



We will stand a temperance band, To aid the weak and low - ly;  
And the foe un-checked be - low, De - stroy our best and brav - est?



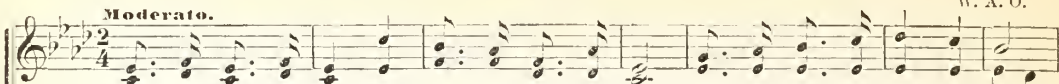
Oh, how long shall Sa - tan's aim - ing, By this foe our faith be - sham - ing,  
Tal - ents, time, and life are fly - ing, We shall soon be with the dy - ing,



And the Chris - tian cause de - fam - ing, With - out ef - forts made?  
For thy sake our - selves de - ny - ing, Love us Lord not less.

## OUR CHEERFUL SABBATH HOME.

W. A. O.

**Moderato.**

1. In the gold - en sun - light, Shin - ing bright and fair In our cheer - ful Sab - bath home;  
 2. Je - sus watch - es o'er us With a Shepherd's care, In our cheer - ful Sab - bath home;  
 3. Gen - tle lov - ing Sav - ior May thy Spir - it dwell In our cheer - ful Sab - bath home;

**f.****Fine.**

Chris - tian friends and teachers Glad - ly meet us here, In our cheer - ful Sab - bath home.  
 He will kind - ly lis - ten To our sim - ple prayer, In our cheer - ful Sab - bath home.  
 Here thy ten - der mer - cy, Oh, 'tis sweet to tell, In our cheer - ful Sab - bath home.



D. S. Lit - tle lambs of Je - sus, Hap - py we will be, In our cheer - ful Sab - bath home.

**CHORUS.****D. S.**

We will sing to - geth - er, For our hearts are gay, As the bird when soaring On its wings a - way;

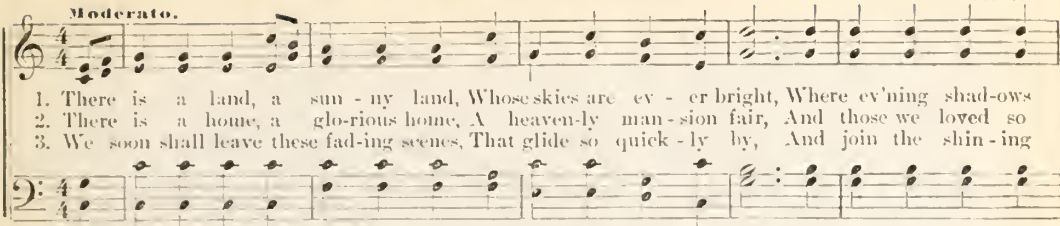


# BRIGHT FOREVERMORE.

135

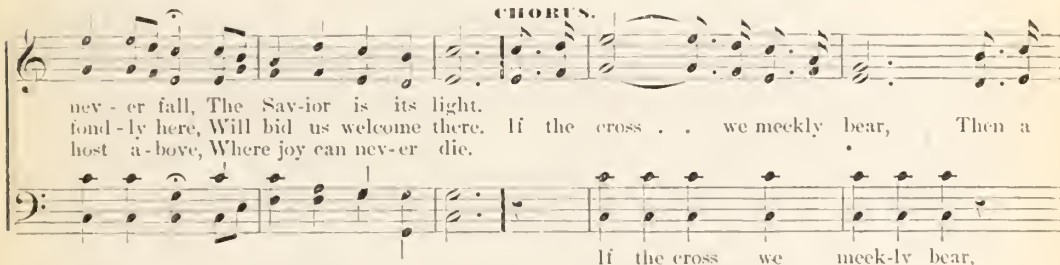
W. A. O.

Moderato.



1. There is a land, a sun - ny land, Whose skies are ev - er bright, Where ev'ning shad-ows  
2. There is a home, a glo-rious home, A heav-en-ly man-sion fair, And those we loved so  
3. We soon shall leave these fad-ing scenes, That glide so quick - ly by, And join the shin-ing

CHORUS.



nev - er fall, The Sav-ior is its light.  
fond-ly here, Will bid us welcome there. If the cross . . we meek-ly bear, Then a  
host a - bove, Where joy can nev-er die.

If the cross we meek-ly bear,



crown we shall wear, When we dwell among the fair, In the bright for ev - er - more.

We a gold-en crown shall wear, When we dwell a - mong the fair, In the bright for ev - er - more.

## CITY OF THE JASPER WALL.

DR. BETHUNE.

Joyfully.

And the building of the wall of it was of Jasper,—REV. xxi: 18.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. O cit - y of the Jas - per wall, And of the pearly gate, For thee, a - mid the  
 2. O cit - y where they need no light Of sun, or moon, or star, Could we with eye of  
 3. O cit - y where the shin-ing gates Shut out all grief and sin, Well may we yearn, a -

storms of life, Our wea-ry spir - its wait. Oh, may we walk the streets of gold No  
 faith but see How bright thy mansions are, How soon our doubts would flee a-way, How  
 mid earth's strife, Thy ho-ly peace to win.— Yet will we meek-ly bear the cross, Nor

mor-tal feet have trod; Oh, may we wor-ship at the shrine, The temple of our God,  
 strong our trust would grow, Un-til our hearts should trust no more On treasures here below,  
 seek to lay it down, Un-til our Fa-ther calls us home, And gives the promised crown.



# CITY OF THE JASPER WALL. Concluded.

137

CHORUS.

O land of bliss, O land of light, O cit-y of the  
O land, O land of bliss, O land, O land of light,

## DENNIS. S. M.

NAGEL.

In choral style.

Jas - per wall, O land for - ev - er bright.

1. How gen - tle God's commands, How
2. Be - neath his watch - ful eye His
3. His good - ness stands approved Down

kind his pre - cepts are ; Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.  
saints se - curely dwell ; The hand which bears all na - ture up Shall guard his children well.  
to the pres - ent day ; I'll drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way

## WHAT IS THE ANGEL RECORDING?

C. HARRY ANDERS.

As sung by the "Buell Family" at all their concerts.

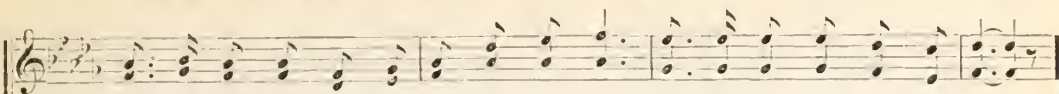
C. HARRY ANDERS.

1. What is the an - gel re - cord - ing to - night, Hard by the throne in the realms of light?  
 2. What is the an - gel re - cord - ing to - night? All of the mer - cies that scorn - ers slight;  
 3. What is the an - gel re - cord - ing to - night? Pray - ers of the faithful who love the right;

Is it a word that was spok - en in love, Tell - ing of rest a - bove?  
 Tares that the care - less con - tin - ue to sow, Tell - ing of pain and woe;  
 Songs that are sung of the man - sions a - bove, Tell - ing of Je - sus' love.

Oh, can it be that the hap - py and blest See all we do from their home of rest?  
 Nothing of word or of deed is concealed, Wish - es and thoughts are a - like re - vealed,  
 All who are pa - tient - ly toil - ing to - day, Turn - ing a soul from the downward way;

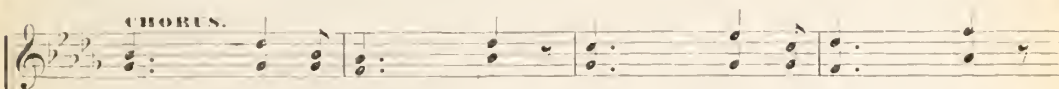
# WHAT IS THE ANGEL RECORDING? Concluded. 139



Yes, whether sin - ning or do - ing the right, All is re - cord - ed to - night.  
Naught of to - day can we hide from his sight, All is re - cord - ed to - night.  
Lose no re - ward, for the Sav - ior of night Has it re - cord - ed to - night.



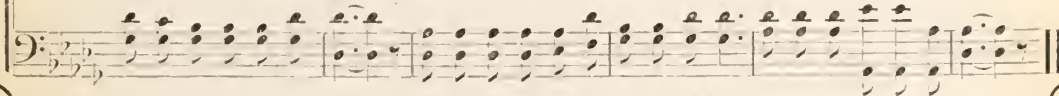
## CHORUS.



Fight - ing or faint - ing, Striv - ing or yield - ing,  
Fighting or faint - ing, fighting or fainting, Striv - ing or yield - ing, Striving or yield - ing,



Loving the wrong or the right; Whate'er our thinking or doing may be, All is re - cord - ed to - night.



## ONE DROP OF THE BLOOD.

W. A. OGDEN.

And washed us from our sins in his own blood.—REV. i: 5.

S. H. BLAKESLEE.

*Slowly.*

1. One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, He shed up - on Cal - va - ry's brow,  
 2. One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, He gave as a ran - som for me,  
 3. One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, Oh, sprinkle it now in thy love;

*Rall.*

Will cleanse me with - in, Will free me from sin, And make me 'e'en whit - er than snow.  
 Will cleanse ev - 'ry stain, Re - move ev - ery pain Which now in my spir - it may be.  
 Oh, save me to - day, And save me for aye, And fit me for heav - en a - bove.

**CHORUS.***Dim.**p*

Whiter than snow, . . . . Yes, whit - er than snow, . . . . One drop of the

Yes, whiter than snow,

Yes, whiter than snow,

# ONE DROP OF THE BLOOD. Concluded.

141

blood . . . From Calvary's brow . . . Will cleanse me within, And free me from

One drop of the blood From Calvary' brow Will cleanse me within,

*Cres.* *Dim.*

sin, And make my soul . . . E'en whiter than snow,

And free me from sin, and make my soul whiter than snow.

*mp* *Rall.* *pp*

## BENEDICTION.

\* \* \*

Chant to close School.

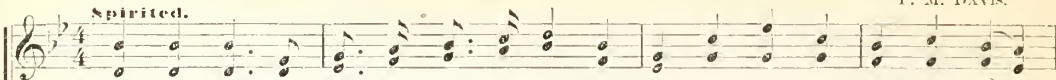
The grace of our Lord And the communion of the

Jesus Christ, and the | *lore of God*, | Holy Ghost, be . . . | WITH US ALL, | Now and evermore. Amen.

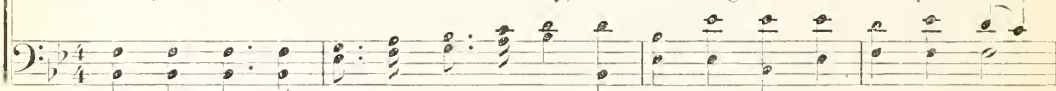


# RALLY, FREEMEN. (Temperance.)

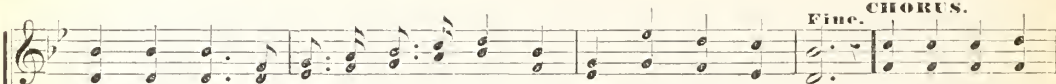
F. M. DAVIS.

**Spirited.**

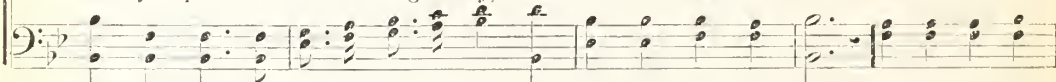
1. Hark! a cry is heard throughout the land, It comes from north, south, east, and west;
2. Lift your stand-ard, let it proud-ly wave In tri-umph o-ver land and sea;
3. Rouse, brave hearts, and shout the bat-tle cry, The suf-f'ring mill-ions bid you rise;



D. C. *Ral - ly free - men, ral - ly to the call, Gird on your ar - mor for the fight;*



Rum, the ty - rant, reigns on ev - 'ry hand, Oh, hear thy friends dis-tressed.  
Rum shall nev - er-more mankind en-slave, And this our watch-word be. *Ral - ly, free-men,*  
Will you pass their fear-ful an-guish by, And nev - er heed their cries?



*Rum, the ty - rant, from his throne shall fall, Our God will speed the right.*



*to the call, Arm yourselves for fight; Save the drunkard from his doom, Oh, battle for the right!*

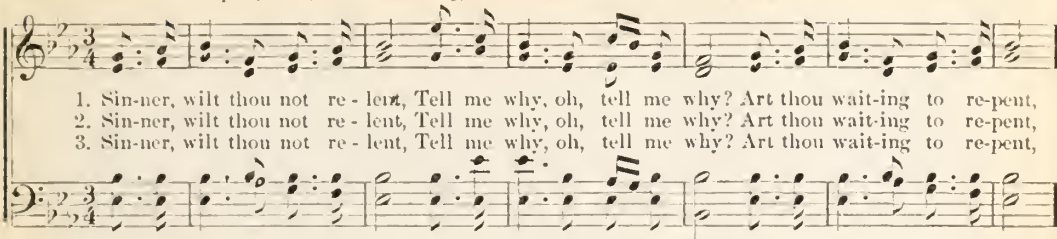


Sva.

# IN THE BY AND BY.

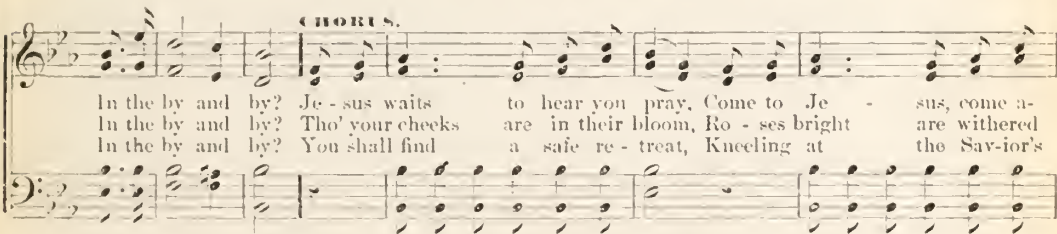
143

MARY E. KAIL. "Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling, it is the watchman on the walls."—MATT. 21: 1. W. S. MARSHALL.

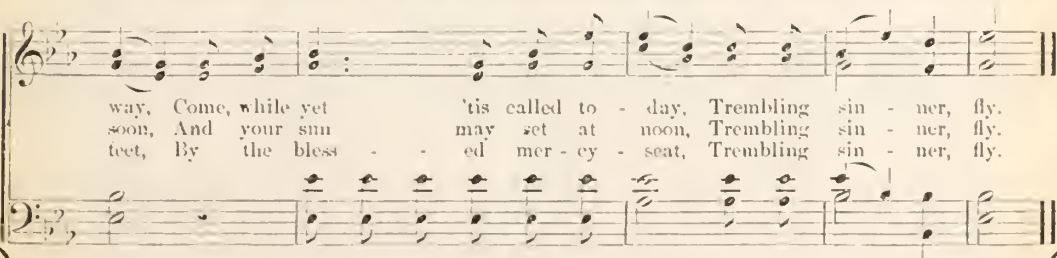


1. Sin-ner, wilt thou not re - lent, Tell me why, oh, tell me why? Art thou wait-ing to re-pent,  
 2. Sin-ner, wilt thou not re - lent, Tell me why, oh, tell me why? Art thou wait-ing to re-pent,  
 3. Sin-ner, wilt thou not re - lent, Tell me why, oh, tell me why? Art thou wait-ing to re-pent,

**CHORUS.**



In the by and by? Je - sus waits to hear you pray, Come to Je - sus, come a -  
 In the by and by? Tho' your cheeks are in their bloom, Ro - ses bright are withered  
 In the by and by? You shall find a safe re - treat, Kneeling at the Sav-ior's



way, Come, while yet 'tis called to - day, Trembling sin - ner, fly.  
 soon, And your sin may set at noon, Trembling sin - ner, fly.  
 teet, By the bless - ed mer - cy - seat, Trembling sin - ner, fly.

# MARCHING TO ZION.

FANNY CROSBY.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near,—Isa. lv: 6.

A. J. ABBEY.

## March Movement. SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Oh, come, we are march-ing to Zi-on, The Sun-day-school ar-my are we; The  
 2. The Sav-ior, our lead-er, is call-ing, The Sav-ior who loves you so dear; Oh,  
 3. Come swell the glad ranks of our ar-my, And fol-low our Sav-ior di-vine, The  
 4. Now gird on your ar-mor re-joic-ing, Press on-ward his cause to de-fend; Come

cross and the stand-ard of glo-ry, Our song and our watch-word shall be.  
 seek him by faith and re-pent-ance; Oh, seek him while yet he is near.  
 light of his truth and sal-va-tion Like sun-beams a-round us will shine.  
 work for the crown that is prom-ised To those who en-dure to the end.

## FULL CHORUS.

Come a-way, . . . Come a-way, . . . To the fields . . . of de-light, In the  
 Come a-way, Come a-way, To the fields of de-light.

# MARCHING TO ZION. Concluded.

145

beau - ti - ful land of the blest, To the Riv - er of Life, with its wa - ter so bright, Where the

The first system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, a quarter note C5, and a half note D5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

ran-somed in Je - sus shall rest. Marching along, Marching along; Oh, come, we are march-ing to

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes a repeat sign after the first measure of the treble staff. The lyrics 'Marching along, Marching along;' are written below the treble staff, and 'Oh, come, we are march-ing to' follows.

Come a-way, . . . Come a-way, . . .

Zi - on; Come a-way, Come a-way, To the beau - ti - ful land of the blest.

The third system concludes the piece. It features a repeat sign and a double bar line at the end of the treble staff. The lyrics 'Come a-way, . . . Come a-way, . . . Zi - on; Come a-way, Come a-way, To the beau - ti - ful land of the blest.' are written below the staves.

## WE SHALL REAP BY AND BY.

FANNIE CROSEY.

Let us not be weary in well doing.—GAL. vi: 9.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. Oh, nev - er be wea-ry, with vig - or pur - sue The work which the Master has left us to do;  
 2. Oh, nev - er be wea-ry, but work with a will, Our Fa-ther will sure - ly his prom - ise ful - fill;  
 3. Oh, nev - er be wea-ry, thro' tri - al and care; Be faith - ful to du - ty and ear - nest in prayer;  
 4. Re - mem - ber his mer - cy, re - mem - ber his love, Who came, our Re - deem - er, from glo - ry a - bove;

If pa - tient - ly toil - ing we trust in the Lord, The har - vest will bring us a bless - ed re - ward.  
 From seeds we have scat - tered in sor - row and tears We'll gather bright sheaves when the harvest appears.  
 No la - bor for Je - sus was ey - er in vain; Go work in his vineyard, and wait for the rain.  
 Then nev - er be wea - ry, but joy - f'ly pur - sue The work which the Master has left us to do.

## CHORUS.

We shall reap if we faint not, reap by and by, Treas - ures im - mor - tal that nev - er de - cay.



# WE SHALL REAP BY AND BY. Concluded.

147

Crowns of glory, that fade not a-way, We shall reap if we faint not, reap by and by.

## WHEN I GO HOME.

W. A. C.

W. A. C.

1. The day is drawing near - er When I'll go home; Earth's darkness will be clearer When I go home.  
2. Earth's storms will not alarm me When I go home; Earth's tempests shall not harm me When I go home.  
3. I'll grieve no long-er sad-ly When I go home; I'll meet my Sav - ior glad-ly When I go home.

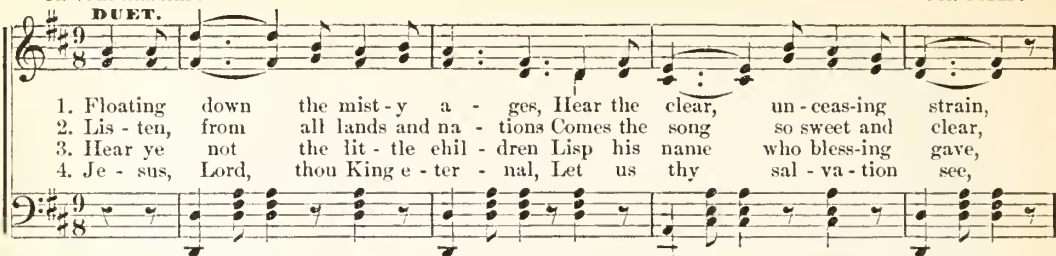
When I go home, When I go home; Earth's dark-ness will be clear-er When I go home.  
When I go home, When I go home; Earth's tem-pests can not harin me When I go home.  
When I go home, When I go home; I'll meet my Sav - ior glati-ly When I go home.

## GLORY IN THE HIGHEST.

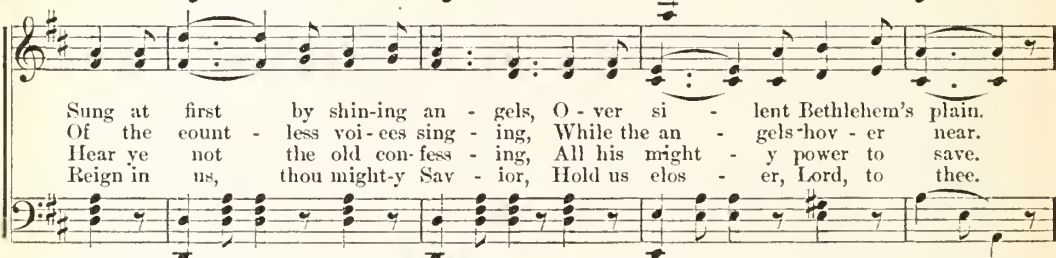
M. V. ZIMMERMAN.

W. A. OGDEN.

## DUET.

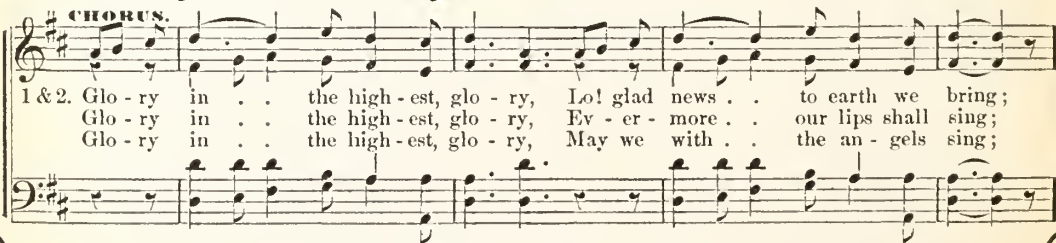


1. Floating down the mist-y a - ges, Hear the clear, un - ceas - ing strain,  
 2. Lis - ten, from all lands and na - tions Comes the song so sweet and clear,  
 3. Hear ye not the lit - tle chil - dren Lisp his name who bless - ing gave,  
 4. Je - sus, Lord, thou King e - ter - nal, Let us thy sal - va - tion see,



Sung at first by shin - ing an - gels, O - ver si - lent Bethlehem's plain.  
 Of the count - less voi - ces sing - ing, While the an - gels hov - er near.  
 Hear ye not the old con - fess - ing, All his might - y power to save.  
 Reign in us, thou might - y Sav - ior, Hold us elos - er, Lord, to thee.

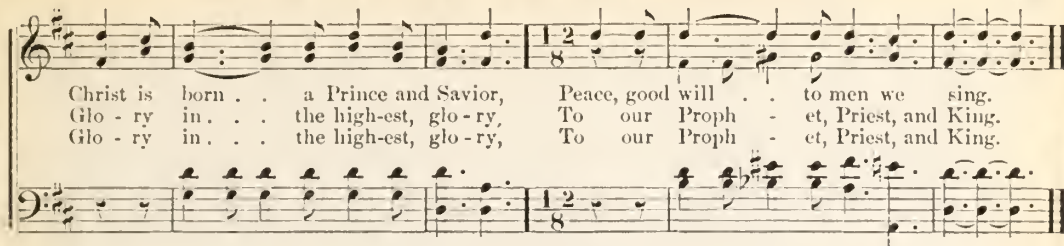
## CHORUS.



1 & 2. Glo - ry in . . the high - est, glo - ry, Lo! glad news . . to earth we bring;  
 Glo - ry in . . the high - est, glo - ry, Ev - er - more . . our lips shall sing;  
 Glo - ry in . . the high - est, glo - ry, May we with . . the an - gels sing;

# GLORY IN THE HIGHEST. Concluded.

149

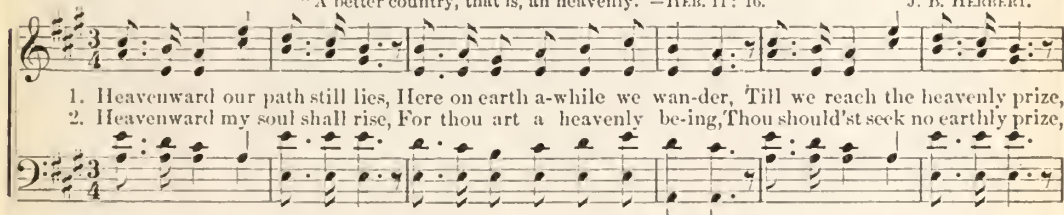


Christ is born . . . a Prince and Savior, Peace, good will . . . to men we sing.  
 Glo - ry in . . . the high-est, glo - ry, To our Proph - et, Priest, and King.  
 Glo - ry in . . . the high-est, glo - ry, To our Proph - et, Priest, and King.

## HEAVENWARD.

"A better country, that is, an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

J. B. HERBERT.



1. Heavenward our path still lies, Here on earth a-while we wan-der, Till we reach the heavenly prize,  
 2. Heavenward my soul shall rise, For thou art a heavenly be-ing, Thou should'st seek no earthly prize,



In the land of promise yonder; Here we stay a pilgrim band, There must be our fatherland.  
 When from earth, O soul, thou'rt fleeing; Hearts with heav'nly wisdom blest, Can in heav'n alone find rest.

Here we, etc.  
 Hearts with, etc.

There must be, etc.  
 Can in heav'n, etc.

## HAIL, ALL HAIL.

J. R. OSGOOD. Written for the Washington Street Congregational Sunday-school, Toledo, O. Partly by W. A. OGDEN.

D. C. 1. *Hail, all hail, this hour of glad - ness, Friends and par - ents, teach - ers dear, Ban - ish er - ery*  
 2. *Now we chant our glad ho - san - nas For the greet - ing hour is come, Here we raise our*  
 3. *May we all, oh, pre - cious Sav - ior, Ev - er - more be blest of thee, 'Till with - in the*

**Fine. DUET.**

*thought of sad - ness, All are wel - come, wel - come here. Chil - dren, too, his praise are tell - ing,*  
*wav - ing ban - ners As we sing our wel - come song. Now our hearts with joy o'er - flow - ing,*  
*gold - en cit - y, Our e - ter - nal home shall be. There to praise thy name for - ev - er,*

*Hear their strains so full and free, Ev - ery heart with joy is swell - ing On this an - ni -*  
*Sing we praise to God a - bove, For his mer - cies now be - stow - ing He doth give to*  
*Songs of glad - ness full and free, And with all the ransomed mill - ions Spend a blest e -*

# HAIL, ALL HAIL. Concluded.

151

## FULL CHORUS.



ver - sa - ry.  
us in love. Hail! all Hail! This an - ni - ver - sary morn - ing.  
ter - ni - ty.



Hail! all hail! this joy - ful, joy - ful day! Hail! all hail! with



grace our lives a - dorn - ing, Cel - e - brate we now with joy - ful lay.

D. C.



## No. 1.

**J**ESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none:  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, O leave me not alone;  
Still support and comfort me,  
All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art;  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart;  
Rise to all eternity.

## No. 2.

**M**Y soul, be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.

- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor lay thine armor down;  
The work of faith will not be done,  
Till thou obtain the crown.

## No. 3.

**W**ORK, for the night is coming;  
Work through the morning  
hours;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling;  
Work, 'mid springing flowers:  
Work, when the day grows brighter,  
Work, in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming;  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor;  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work, till the last beam fades,  
Fadeth to shine no more:  
Work, while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

## No. 4.

**D**EPTHS of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God His wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

- 2 I have long withstood His grace;  
Long provoked Him to His face;  
Would not hearken to His calls,  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now, incline me to repent;  
Let me now my sins lament;  
Now my foul revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

## No. 5.

**O**HAPPY day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee my Saviour and my  
God;  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away;  
He taught me how to watch and  
pray,  
And live rejoicing every day:  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's  
done—  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice di-  
vine.

- 3 Now rest, my long divided heart:  
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With Him of every good possessed.
- 4 High heaven, that heard the sol-  
emn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death, a bond so dear.

## No. 6.

**T**HE morning light is breaking;  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears:  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.

- 2 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thy onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

# JOY BELLS.

153

## No. 7.

- N**EARER, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!  
Even though it be a cross  
That ruieth me;  
Still all my song shall be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!
- 5 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly;  
Still all my song shall be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

## No. 8.

**S**OWING the seed by the daylight  
fair,  
Sowing the seed by the noonday  
glare,  
Sowing the seed by the fading light,  
Sowing the seed in the solemn night:

Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

**C**HO.—: Sown in the darkness or sown  
in the light, :|

:| Sown in our weakness or sown  
in our might, :|

Gathered in time or eternity,  
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside  
high,

Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,  
Sowing the seed where the thorns  
will spoil,

Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,  
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,  
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,  
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;

Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

4 Sowing the seed with an aching  
heart,

Sowing the seed while the tear-drops  
start,

Sowing in hope till the reapers come,  
Gladly to gather the harvest home;

Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

## No. 9.

**I** LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The Church our best Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God!  
Her walls before Thee stand,

Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.

3 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given

The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

## No. 10.

**S**WEET hour of prayer!  
Sweet hour of prayer!  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne,  
Make all my wants and wishes  
known;

In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer!  
Thy wings shall my petition bear,  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless;  
And since he bids me seek His face,  
Believe His word and trust His grace,  
I'll cast on Him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of  
prayer.

## No. 11.

**T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Eternal day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain;  
There everlasting spring abides,  
And never withering flowers,  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling  
flood

Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between;  
Could we but climb where Moses  
stood,

And view the landscape o'er;  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's  
cold flood

Should fright us from the shore.

## No. 12.

THERE were ninety and nine that  
safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold,  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold—  
Away on the mountains wild and  
bare,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's  
care.

2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety  
and nine,  
Are they not enough for Thee?"  
But the Shepherd made answer:  
" 'Tis of mine  
Has wandered away from me;  
And although the road be rough and  
steep,  
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever  
knew  
How deep were the waters crossed;  
Nor how dark was the night that the  
Lord passed through,  
Ere He found His sheep that was  
lost  
Out in the desert He heard its cry—  
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-  
drops all the way,  
That mark out the mountain's  
track?"  
"They were shed for one who had  
gone astray,  
Ere the Shepherd could bring him  
back."  
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent  
and torn?"  
"They are pierced to-night by many  
a thorn."

5 But all through the mountains,  
thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"  
And the angels echoed around the  
throne,  
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back  
His own!"

## No. 13.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering, full and free;  
Shows the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some droppings fall on me—  
Cho.—Even me, even me,  
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

2 Love of God, so pure and change-  
less;  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;  
Grace of God, so strong and bound-  
less;—  
Magnify them all in me.—Even me.  
3 Pass me not! Thy lost one bring-  
ing,  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;  
While the streams of life are spring-  
ing,  
Blessing others, oh, bless me.—  
Even me.

## No. 14.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wand'ers given;  
There is a joy for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast,—  
'Tis found above in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls  
By sin and sorrow driven,  
When tossed on life's tempestuous  
shoals,  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven.

## No. 15.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear;  
What a privilege to carry  
Every thing to God in prayer.  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear—  
All because we do not carry  
Every thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a Friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer:  
In His arms He'll take and shield  
thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

## No. 16.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,  
Thus far His power prolongs my  
days; [known  
And every evening shall make  
Some fresh memorial of His grace.  
2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home:  
But He forgives my follies past,  
And gives me strength for days to  
come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;  
Peace is the pillow for my head;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my  
bed.

## JOY BELLS.

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### No. 17.

I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading  
In glory,  
A dear loving Saviour, though earth-  
friends be few;  
And now He is watching in tender-  
ness o'er me,  
And oh that my Saviour, were your  
Saviour too!

CHO.—For you I am praying,  
For you I am praying,  
For you I am praying,  
I'm praying for you.

2 I have a Father: to me He has  
given  
A hope for eternity, blessed and  
true;

And soon will He call me to meet  
Him in heaven.

But oh, that He'd let me bring you  
with me too!

3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in  
whiteness,

Awaiting in glory my wondering  
view;

Oh, when I receive it all shining in  
brightness,

Dear friend, could I see you receiv-  
ing one too!

### No. 18.

I JUST as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for  
me,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to  
Thee,

O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse  
each spot,

O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightsings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-  
lieve;

Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

### No. 19.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy rivenside which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne—  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

### No. 20.

FROM every stormy wind that  
blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place than all besides more sweet,  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with  
friend;  
Though sunder'd far, by faith we  
meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

### No. 21.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and  
sore;

Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love and power;  
[He is able,  
He is willing; doubt no more.]

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glory;  
True belief, and true repentance,—  
Every grace that brings you nigh,  
[Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.]

3 Let not conscience make you  
linger;  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him!  
[This He gives you.—  
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.]

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
If you tarry 'till you're better,  
You will never come at all;  
[Not the righteous,—  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.]

### No. 22.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,  
G Harmonious to the ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall re-  
sound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

3 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
And every ransomed power shall  
join  
In wonder, love, and praise.

## No. 23.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus  
sounds  
In a believer's ear;  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his  
wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I  
build,  
My shield and hiding-place;  
My never-failing treasure, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

## No. 24.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness  
hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While His dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—  
'Tis all that I can do.

## No. 25.

A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill—  
Oh, may it all my powers engage,  
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live;  
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

## No. 26.

A M I a soldier of the cross?  
A follower of the lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease;  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord,  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

## No. 27.

WE praise Thee, O God! for the  
Son of Thy love,  
For Jesus who died, and is now gone  
above.

CRO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory;  
Hallelujah! Amen:  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory;  
Revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy  
Spirit of light,  
Who has shown us our Saviour,  
and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb  
that was slain,  
Who has borne all our sins, and  
has cleansed every stain.

4 Revive us again; fill each heart  
with Thy love;  
May each soul be rekindled with  
fire from above.

## No. 28.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was—  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold I freely give  
The living water—thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"

4 I came to Jesus and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-  
vived,  
And now I live in Him.



## No. 29.

**B**EST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are  
one,—  
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

## No. 30.

**B**y cool Sloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath, beneath the  
Of Sharon's dewy rose! [hill]

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod—  
Whose secret heart, with influence  
Is upward drawn to God. [sweet]

3 Oh, thou who givest life and breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age and  
death,  
To keep us still Thine own.

## No. 31.

**Z**ION stands with hills surrounded,  
Zion, kept by power divine;  
All her foes shall be confounded,  
Though the world in arms com-  
Happy Zion— [bine:]  
What a favored lot is thine!

2 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
Thence to bring thee forth more  
bright,  
But can never cease to love thee;  
Thou art precious in His sight:  
God is with thee—  
God, thine everlasting light.

## No. 32.

**M**AJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned  
Upon the Saviour's brow; [ed  
His head with radiant glories  
crowned,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 To Him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have;  
He makes me triumph over death,  
He saves me from the grave.

3 Since from His bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord! they should all be Thine.

## No. 33.

**C**OME, thou Almighty King,  
Help us Thy Name to sing,  
Help us to praise:  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall:  
Let Thine almighty aid  
Our sure defense be made;  
Our souls on Thee be stay'd;  
Lord, hear our call.

## No. 34.

**O**N the mountain-top appearing,  
Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
Welcome news to Zion bearing—  
Zion, long in hostile lands;  
Mourning captive!  
God Himself will loose thy bands.

2 God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
He Himself appears thy Friend;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
Here thy boasts and triumphs  
Great deliverance [end:]  
Zion's King will surely send.

## No. 35.

**I** LOVE to tell the Story,  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love;  
I love to tell the Story,  
Because I know it's true;  
It satisfies my longings  
As nothing else would do.

**CHO.**—I love to tell the Story!  
'Twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the Old, Old Story  
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the Story!  
More wonderful it seems,  
Than all the golden fancies  
Of all our golden dreams:  
I love to tell the Story!  
It did so much for me;  
And that is just the reason  
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the Story!  
'Tis pleasant to repeat  
What seems, each time I tell it,  
More wonderfully sweet;  
I love to tell the Story,  
For some have never heard  
The message of salvation  
From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the Story!  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it, like the rest;  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,  
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY,  
That I have loved so long.

## No. 36.

FOREVER with the Lord,  
Amen. So let it be;  
Life for the dead is in that word—  
"Tis immortality.  
Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam;  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,  
A day's march nearer home.  
Nearer home, nearer home,  
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near  
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!  
Ah, then, my spirit fairs,  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.  
Home above, home above,  
Jerusalem above.

## No. 37.

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise;  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!  
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

## No. 38.

HOW happy every child of grace,  
That knows his sins forgiven!  
This earth, he cries, is not my place,  
I seek my place in heaven;  
A country far from mortal sight,  
Yet, oh, by faith I see,  
The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
The heaven prepared for me.

2 Oh, what a blessed hope is ours!  
While here on earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heavenly  
And antedate that day: [powers,  
We feel the resurrection near—  
Our life in Christ concealed—  
And with his glorious presence here,  
Our earthen vessel's filled.

## No. 39.

SINNER, hear the melting story  
Of the Lamb that once was slain,  
'Tis the Lord of life and glory,  
Shall He plead with you in vain?  
[Oh, receive Him,  
And salvation now obtain.:]

2 All your sins to Him confessing—  
Who is ready to forgive;  
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,  
On His precious name believe.  
[He is waiting,  
Will you not His grace receive?:]

## No. 40.

ONE there is above all others  
Well deserves the name of Friend,  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood?  
But this Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in Him to God.

3 When He lived on earth abased,  
Friend of sinners was His name,  
Now above all glory raised  
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
We alas! forget too often  
What a Friend we have above.

## No. 41.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As we journey let us sing;  
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,  
In the way our fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Lord, obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

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